A GIFT PEN—AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT—See Page 18.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 594. | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

(*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*)

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Unsolicited!

Private G. E. HERBERT,
No. 591 R.A.M.C.
Writes as follows about

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

"Sir,

I wonder will enclosed EXCELDA Handkerchief interest you. I bought it at Redhill over four years ago, and it has been in constant use ever since. It joined the regiment with me on the second day of War, and has gone all through, being put to a hard test I assure you.

I have cleaned boots with it, made emergency bandage of it, and done quite a lot of things with it that no ordinary handkerchief could stand. Now I am away from the firing line, *pro tem.*, I am pensioning it off, and thought perhaps you would like to put it on your roll of honour. **I am sure friends at home could send no more suitable present to the lads than some EXCELDAS.**

I am, Sir,
Faithfully yours,
(Sgd.) GEO. E. HERBERT."

Mind you get the genuine EXCELDA quality.

Steele's Adv. Serv.

GOOD NEWS FROM AMERICA

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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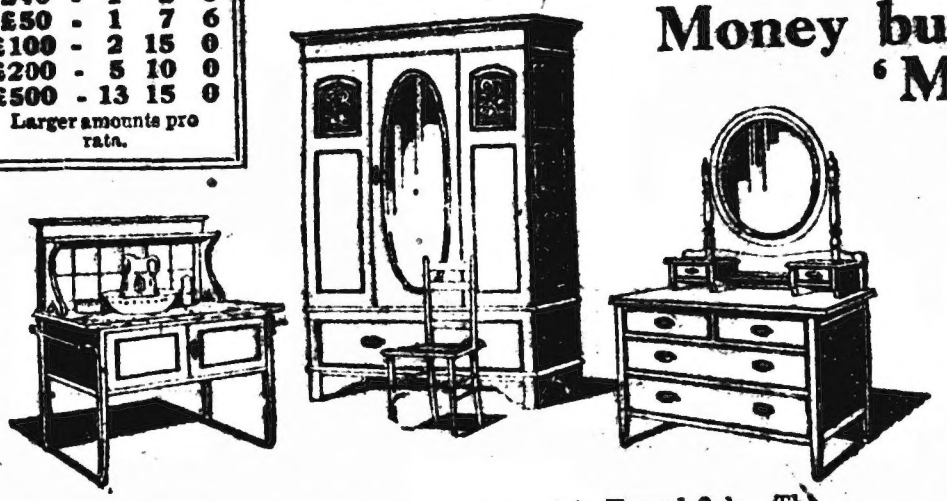

Handsome Bedroom Suite, soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4 ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mir or in door, and large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; and 2 Chairs **£24 - 10 - 0**

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On Guard!

Rest for Tommy in the Trenches.

PARASITOX

PARA-SI-TOX

Kills & Prevents BODY VERMIN

Loathsome Body Vermin can at last be destroyed by the use of Parasitox, the most marvellous discovery known to Science. Tommy can now make sure of restful nights free from the torture of such obnoxious pests, the spreaders of infectious diseases as Malaria, Sandfly Fever, etc. Parasitox (the Solid Compound), not only kills and repels all parasite life, Mosquitoes, etc., but effectively destroys the eggs. It is never known to fail. Applied to the seams of the clothing, the neck, or other exposed parts, it proves the Soldier's most reliable body-guard. The heat of the body causes slow vaporisation of the acting principles which permeate the surrounding area, causing utter destruction to vermin. Convenient to use, has a pleasant aromatic aroma, and is non-poisonous and inexpensive. In portable form, about the size of a shaving soap stick. Beware of cold, greasy ointments, they are worse than useless. No powders are efficient. Parasitox is never known to fail, and hundreds of letters from grateful soldiers are standing testimony to its efficiency.

Non-Greasy Pleasant to use

1/-

Per Stick

Send to your Soldier friends

Let Parasitox be "On Guard" over your Soldier Boy. Keep his nights free from the torture of such dreaded enemies.

OBTAINABLE from Expeditionary Force Canteens, all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parkes, Army and Navy Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, and all principal Chemists and Stores, or from Heppell's Pharmacies, 164, Piccadilly, and 73, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1, and other branches

Thousands of sticks sent regularly every week by Central Prisoners of War Committee.

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IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lesson or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

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Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect System, which is a real educator. That word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does not mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it, to-day.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

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Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Being a reader of "John Bull," and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling and Sixpence**, in return for which please send me your "**Special No. 1.**" published at **2/-**, containing five tunes, with instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd.

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Enclose a packet in every letter you send to your Soldier Friends.

Packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

Sold by all Confectioners, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.

WRIGLEY'S Ltd. Lambeth Palace Road, LONDON, S.E. 1.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 16.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 594. Week ending Saturday, October 20th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Trafalgar Day.

Saturday is Trafalgar Day. Let us all take to heart Nelson's appeal—and do our "duty." And let us give the "Sailors' Week" a good send-off.

Mr. Asquith.

We met Mr. Asquith the other day and had a long chat with him. It was the first time we had seen him since we left the House. He has aged very much—the death of his brilliant son having been a terrible blow. Yet, if anything, sorrow and disappointment have added to his charm.

Another Pointer.

The Government have commandeered all the rum—which means that the good work is to be carried on despite all weathers. It also means that Haig will have no truck with the pumpuritan cranks who would rob Tommy of his "tot."

Holland.

This is what we wrote in our issue of September 9th, 1916: "Holland, by helping the Hun to hold out, is doing her best to delay the day of peace." And now the Government has come to that conclusion.

Sunday Afternoon.

On Sunday, at 3.30, we are to open the Afternoon Lecture Season at the Haymarket Theatre, the subject being our recent visit to the Front.

Those "Political Economists"!

They are at it again—Mr. Sidney Webb, for instance, predicting that when the war is over the whole world will be starved to death, and that there will be scarcely any men available to produce food! It reminds us of that prophecy of the *Daily News*—that, if we joined in the war, the working classes would be marching through the streets singing, "We've got no work to do"!

Why Not?

A contemporary tells us that *its* Editor saw at the Front all that we saw, but he did not make "a song and dance about it." Which reminds us of the story of how, when W. S. Gilbert met Burnand, the Editor of *Punch*, he said, "I suppose you get a lot of funny things sent to you?" and on receiving an affirmative reply, retorted: "Then why the dickens don't you put some of them in?"

Tommy's Thanks.

We are overwhelmed with letters from "Tommy" thanking us for what he considers *we* have done in securing the concessions recently announced. But, of course, it was mere "coincidence" that these things followed upon our visit to the Front—to the Commander-in-Chief, and to the Secretary for War!

Exit Ridley.

So Mr. Justice Ridley has gone at last. He ought never to have been on the Bench. Off it, he is, we believe, the most charming and cultured of gentlemen. Here's luck to him in his retirement—the only occasion upon which he proved himself a good judge. But why, on earth, two more Judges *now?*

Mr. Justice Darling.

Thank goodness, *he* hasn't gone. May the King's Bench know him for many years to come—although he *does* invariably sum up against us!

Dam-*Nation!*

The sooner the official Liberal Party disowns the *Nation*, the better. Here is its latest insult to the British soldier: "That night the Division went North. And three days later, *with oaths on their lips and a courage born of terror in their hearts*, they surged over the parapet." If we had our way, the writer of that libel should have something else in *his* heart.

A Charge—and a Challenge.

It was a fine bit of satire on the part of the *Morning Post* to speak of the *Nation* as the "Ticket-of-Leave journal." Its licence should be at once withdrawn. It is essentially a pro-German organ, and we publicly denounce it as such. Let it issue a writ for libel, if it dare.

More "Yapp."

The Ministry of Food publishes the *National Food Journal*, and here is an extract from an article by Sir Arthur Yapp, Y.M.C.A., now on the Staff: "November—A flood of oratory to be let loose throughout the country—speeches, sermons, and lectures all to play their part." Has Lord Rhondda read this piffle?

An Excellent Joke!

Punch takes the Government to task for allowing Mr. Churchill and ourselves to be away at the same time; and says it looks like "gross carelessness." The joke comes in here—we weren't!

Nearly half a million people have availed themselves of our Free Air Raid Insurance—have you? If not, sign Coupon—page iii of Cover.

"A Sky Pilot."

You have all heard of that Hampshire parson's advertisement, seeking guests at £10 a week each to lead the simple life at his quiet rectory during the air-raid season. If he charges £10 weekly to save one person's skin, what are his terms for saving souls?

'Bacca for Boches.

Some tobacconists can get only a portion of the supply ordered from the wholesalers. But should you, reader, have to go short, you will be glad to know that for the interned civilian Huns there is a plentiful sufficiency. The 'bacca rationing of each Hun permits him to purchase every week: "2 lbs. of pipe or chewing tobacco, or 200 cigarettes, or 100 cigars." Love your enemies, dear friends, and pamper them as well.

What's in a Name?

On filling up his recruiting form, Richard Elias, a Golders Green tradesman, entered the names of two employees as Clark and Sherbaum, their lawful appellations being Heddisheimer and Scheimbaum. This led to trouble, for the police could not be expected to know that Heddisheimer was a true-born British subject, or that Scheimbaum's progenitors were Russian Poles. However, the Magistrates seem to have accepted Mr. Heddisheimer's assurance that he used the name of Clark because it was "easier to spell." Some people are so horribly suspicious.

"Go to the Workhouse!"

A discharged soldier, whose wife had left him, applied to the Weymouth Magistrates for advice. Apparently Bumble was on the Bench that morning; at any rate, the collective wisdom and humanity of the Justices could suggest only that the poor fellow should sell up his home and go with his five children to the workhouse. Not a syllable of sympathy or comfort or a word of worthy counsel for a man wearing a gold stripe, the badge of loyal service in his country's cause! Meanwhile, the captive Hun revels in luxurious ease. No wonder folks are talking of "the ferment of revolution"!

Some Sweet Sayings.

First place for that dear lady, Mrs. Snowden (at Blackburn): "The municipal authorities had declined them (I.L.P.) the use of the Town Hall. Blackburn Town Council was branding the borough as being of inferior intellect. The silly things done in the name of patriotism made it stink in the nostrils." Passing from the perfect lady, we come to the perfect gentleman, Ramsay Mac., at Bradford: "If I had to choose between peace-at-any-price and peace-at-no-price, I would choose peace-at-any-price, because if we get peace we could appeal to reason later." He certainly does not appeal to reason now, whatever his price may be.

"Ma Conscience!"

From an Aberdare newspaper we get the account of a proposal, by a Tramways Committee, that a Roll of Honour, of names of employees killed in the war, be hung in the Council buildings. A quaint person named Idwal Thomas wanted the names of Objects to be included, as "he considered men who had gone to prison for consciencesake were quite as worthy for any roll of honour." The Chairman gravely pointed out that only those who have been killed were to be included, and then Mr. D. R. Llewelyn made the hit of the day: "Mr. Thomas is quite right; they ought to be shot! (Loud laughter.)" The extraordinary Thomas went on to plead for his pets, until it was suddenly discovered that he was poking his nose into business that was none of his, he not being a member of the Committee. But what a nose the man has! And what a cheek! We say nothing of his wits.

Male or Female?

Wandsworth Food Control Committee (and others) are returning sugar forms to applicants for correction where they are defective. "They have returned mine," reports a reader, "asking me to state whether Amelia is male or female, and also the exact sex of Frank Edward. Don't you think I can convince them best by requesting them to send along a commission of medical inspection?" More well-paid officials!

No Cheaper.

Having regard to the "world's wheat shortage" it seems Lord Rhondda has discovered that man cannot live by bread alone, and he therefore permits it to be partially potatoes. The potato mix notwithstanding, Mr. J. Kerslake, President of the Master Bakers' Society, hastens to announce to a pained populace that "there is no prospect of cheaper bread." We will wager as much as a four-pound loaf there isn't. The millers and the bakers wouldn't let bread be any cheaper if they were allowed to make it of unmitigated road sweeps.

Dunn's Neighbour.

A dairy farmer of Redbourn had six sons; one has been killed, one disabled, three are serving, and one was at home as dairyman, together with one other man of military age. The sixth son has now to go, the Tribunal telling the farmer he was lucky not to lose both men. His reply was, "I am lucky I have not lost the lot, in the service of the Government." We can forgive that old father of six soldier sons, because one of his neighbours at Redbourn is the dreadful Dunn, hatter, whose five sons are all Objects, and exempt.

The Mysteries of D.O.R.A.

The workings of D.O.R.A. are quite beyond our comprehension. In Lancashire a boy of 16 is reported to have been sent to prison for a month for giving cigarettes to a German prisoner at the Leigh Internment Camp. Yet no obstacle of any kind has been placed in the way of wealthy "philanthropists" choosing to waste their substance on the Hun. What is the distinction between the action of the boy who has gone to prison and the benefactions, for instance, of the Cadbury Brothers, who seem still to bask in the sunshine of official favour?

The Kindly Porter.

Beith Railway Station has a porter with a kindly eye for the soldier's wife. The other day one of them lugged in three children and so much luggage that she would never have got it away alone. Ignoring all the rest of the passengers, the porter gathered up her impedimenta, and gratefully she gave the good man a tip. This he accepted, but when the mother wasn't looking he slipped the coins quietly into the hand of one of the kiddies. It is a wager that porter has a heart as big as a stationmaster's, and our hope is that he will become a stationmaster some day.

Analysing Tunnel Facts.

Concerning that escape of 22 Germhun officers from Kegworth Camp, it was said they bored a tunnel through loose soil, length 180ft., height 4ft., width over 2ft. We are indebted to a civil engineer for the following calculations: The operations would necessitate removing 53 cubic yards of "spoil." The spoil could not be compressed into a room 12ft. square and 10ft. high; it would need a capacity of 60 cubic yards. Loose spoil would cause the tunnel to cave in, unless upheld from within. The spoil was said to be carried away in the pockets of the orderlies. It would take no fewer than 13,000 bulging pockets to carry it. These plain facts evidence the grave need for full inquiry. Somebody was very guilty of neglect or complicity.

"Bullets" First Prize increased to £500—FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

An Indecent Outrage.

We are informed that at a Coventry fuse factory the other day the whole of the girl workers were searched for matches in a disgusting and indecent way. In batches of six they were required to strip from head to foot in the presence of the female officials—the refusal to undress, for whatever reason, being regarded as an offence justifying dismissal. Such treatment of our splendid women workers is simply unpardonable.

Sunday Potatoes.

Apropos of the clergy who think the Lord is punishing the people in this war because some of them do kitchen-gardening on Sundays, a Dover man—who does all his gardening on that day for lack of leisure on any other—says that the Lord has been very good to him, especially in potatoes, and as a thankoffering he is about to send all he has of surplus to a children's convalescent home. We hope the management of the home won't refuse the potatoes on account of their irreligious upbringing.

An Interesting Group.

In last week's *Everywoman's*—" the woman's paper that is different "—is a very interesting royal group, photographed some years ago, when Princess Mary and the Prince of Wales were little children. " Note the saturnine expression on the face of the Kaiser," says the Editress. You can't help doing so.

W.A.A.C.

As a Petition to us, extensively signed by the lady clerks in the offices of the Royal Flying Corps, South Farnborough, puts it, it is one thing to ask females to join the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps; it is quite another thing to try to force them into it. Pressure is put upon girls already on Government work to join the Corps, and that situation seems absurd. If they are doing useful work in the line to which they have been trained, why drive them into the Corps and train others for their places? If they are not wanted in their present positions, by all means put them on notice to leave.

Helping the Hun.

German prisoners at Toddington Camp had the impudence to stop a baker's cart and buy twelve loaves from the man—new, warm, soft loaves. The employer was let off with a fine of 10s. for permitting the sale, and his servant a similar amount, the Chairman remarking that the fine would have been lighter had the man held a clean sheet. Apparently the Magistrates count the offence as trivial; in our view it is most serious and calls for severe punishment. The Huns in that Gloucestershire camp are given 13 ozs. of bread each per day, and are fed better than their guards. Their object in buying more bread might be to save in view of escape.

Manners *in Excelsis*.

An outspoken criticism by the Lord Mayor of Leeds has brought to light an inept and inconsiderate act of the military authorities. A local committee of business men in the past two years have provided weekly teas and sports and entertainments for 68,000 gallant lads who have suffered sickness and wounds for their country. Men in hospitals out of reach of the tramcars have been brought to the entertainments by motoring members of the committee. Now the authorities have stopped the supply of petrol for the purpose, which they describe as " joy-riding." The result is that thousands of men will be denied the weekly break in hospital routine. The Lord Mayor's denunciation of this as a piece of " most contemptible meanness " expresses our sentiments.

The Lady.

Scene at Shoebury Railway Station. Soldier in railway compartment, with two or three others. Alleged lady approaches and hesitates. A soldier politely opens the door for her. At once her nose lifts: " I do not wish to go into a compartment with a lot of common soldiers," she sneers. Has this superior female considered that, but for a lot of common soldiers, she might be dragged in among a lot of hellish Huns?

Thanks!

An unpleasant story comes from Margate. The occasion was the funeral of three Canadians, victims of an air-raid. Some unnatural beast insulted the coffins in a peculiarly offensive fashion. A brave Englishwoman promptly belaboured him with her umbrella, and stuck to him till he was forced to produce his papers. These stated him to be an Italian and insane. The Mayor of Margate, who witnessed the affair, will, we hope, see to it that the dirty culprit is properly dealt with. If insane, he should not be at liberty to spit upon the coffins of gallant men. If sane, the lock and key should be turned all the tighter.

Who Wants a Job?

The Sandown (I.O.W.) Pier Extension Company recently advertised for a Naval pensioner to look after the pier. The Secretary of the concern had one reply at least, for he answered, *inter alia*, that the wages were 17s. 6d. a week of seven days, and that the inquirer could either bring his mid-day meal with him or make arrangements with somebody to do his duty while he got it. After the successful applicant has paid his rent and fed his wife and kiddies, he will probably have to sit down and carefully consider on what day in the week he shall have his mid-day meal and what he shall order for it. How about one nutritious banana?

Knorr's Soup.

On sale in Glasgow, and presumably elsewhere, are the twopenny soup-packets of Knorr, Heilbronn, Wurtemberg. If they are pre-war stock, the contents should be pretty stale stuff by now. But there is another point of interest concerning " Knorr's Soup." The packets, under the name of " Bouillon Kub," were once sold in France, and enamelled advertising signs projected from many a shop-front in the invaded districts. It was afterwards found that every one of these signs had on the back of it information in code as to the neighbourhood, all ready for the coming Hun. If there are any " Knorr's Soup " advert. signs in Glasgow, or elsewhere, they should be seen to.

After Tommy's " Gold."

In a daily paper was a letter, signed " Lieut.-Colonel (Retired)," advocating a house-to-house collection of gold trinkets and ornaments for the Red Cross. The gallant Colonel pursued his course by pointing out that the Navy and Army would not be reached by a house-to-house collection, so he suggested sailors and soldiers should contribute " one day's pay from all ranks." The reason Jack and Tommy would not be found at home by a collector of gold is that they are away fighting, and it is a strange idea to dream of extracting from them one day's pay while they are at that job. In the words of " Common Private (Not Retired)," " his little bit is dearly earned." Let him keep what there is of it.

" Bullets " Trafalgar Prize.

To celebrate the occasion, we are increasing the First Prize in our " Bullets " Competition to £500 for this week only.

Thirteen Coupons and a few pence—a " John Bull " Pen is your recompense. **See Coupon page 18.**

IN THE THICK OF THE RAIDS.

ENGLAND'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

By A. G. Hales.

In war a nation's best line of defence is attack; passive resistance is mostly the outcome of lack of confidence in a belligerent's own power to hurt an enemy. That has been the accepted doctrine of all nations in all ages—it is the view the Germans take of our failure to bomb their cities beyond the Rhine, whilst they bomb ours. They do not believe we have the power to hurt them as they are hurting us. They argue that if we could, we would—and as long as the German populace hold those opinions, they will back the German Government in its present policy of air-raids upon England. When we have disabused the German mind of this fallacy, the raids on our people will promptly stop—but not until then. At the present moment Dunkirk is Britain's first line of defence against Hun aerial attack. The coast of England, stretching from the mouth of the Thames to and around the North Foreland, is London's first line of defence. It has to be, because that line of coast is the region chosen by the enemy as his main track of entrance, and it is there that I have, on behalf of this journal, been watching some very fierce aerial fighting of late. London does not know the debt of gratitude it owes to the gallant wardens of the South-east coast, nor does Britain know how much she owes to the devoted band of airmen stationed at Dunkirk. They are the eyes of Britain in the air. That London is the main German aerial objective, all thoughtful men know—for "London in ruins" has long been a German slogan, and if they have the ability they will not hesitate to slaughter civilians by the thousand to bring that thing to pass. The lives of old men, women, children and wounded soldiers and sailors count for nothing in Hun eyes. Pacifists may prate, kid-glove fighters may lay down laws of war for our guidance; but this fact remains indelibly written in blood—"The Hun will stop at nothing which will further his cause."

The Battles of the East Coast.

Much has been heard of the aerial warfare over London—a place so vast that few people can see what is happening. It is different in the small coast towns, where some splendid aerial fighting has recently taken place. The night the young moon lifted her first rays over the landscape, I stood watching the sea by the North Foreland—wondering, if the attack came, whether it would come on the left, in between my point of outlook and the mouth of the Thames, or somewhere away to the right around the Foreland, or quite overhead—as more than once it had come before, for the Hun now has his aerial charts nearly perfect, and can pick his course at will by moonlight or in the blackness of the unlit darkness. As yet, however, he cannot tell with certainty where to strike in the blackness after crossing the coast—that knowledge will come later unless we fight him over his own cities and keep him at home beyond the Rhine. I had not long to wait for the information I was seeking. An attack on London was afoot, and the crossing of our coast would be attempted just above Margate. I went with all speed to the threatened spot, and, jumping into a trench, stood to watch what time would bring forth. Soon the growling note of Hun heavy battle-planes came on the whispering winds of night—the deep, sullen throb of engines in the air, as distinct from ours as daylight from dark. A siren shrieked in the distance, calling the people to cover; a gun of ours, the first deep-throated growl of our watch-dogs, broke through the throbbing silence—sullen, menacing, vibrant with a people's hate, a far-flung challenge to battle. And at that sound the enemy squadron, flying high, put on a terrific burst of speed to jump past this danger zone and on towards London. The rush of their engines made a sound like the wild whirl of many motor-cars racing. Then every gun that could throw a shell the distance spoke in one deep, splendid roar from every vantage point; shells shrieked as they leapt through space from close at hand, others travelling from afar whined like hounds speeding to the quarry. The smaller guns snapped and snarled as they joined the chorus of defence and defiance; lights flashed—the quick, quivering yellow bands of flame that mark the sending of a missile upon a message of destruction. Thus the heavens were dotted with red and amber lights as projectiles burst in mid-air. No time was cut to waste; scarce had the echoes reached our ears before every gun spake and spake again, hurling iron in the invaders' path, raising a barrier of death betwixt them and London. The Huns were game; the hope was in my heart that every man of them would be blown to Hell, but I would not rob them of the only virtue they possessed—they faced the danger well. Swooping through the night behind our guns came our airmen; guns and bombs from rapid flying forces turned mid-air into battle-field, and in the end the main body of the foe were beaten back, and the coastmen had saved London from a great attack and an appalling loss of life. When ye pray in London City, forget not the defenders on the coast.

The Huns' Persistency.

Each moonlit night I stood in the trench and watched, and every night the enemy came in force—and every night we broke them, and drove them backward to the sea. Each time they went to the blasting roar of British guns; not once did their full squadron drive inland to wreck and murder, but every night one here and there got through our curtain of fire and eluded our fighting fliers. As the nights wore on, the stubborn foe—realising that, whilst our defences stood, their chances of a massed attack were minimised—turned all the fury of their venom on us. For five hours one night they kept up their attack, now flying high, now swooping low, anon shutting off their engines to travel for a little space noiselessly on their own momentum, that they might have peace from our fire in order to locate our aerodrome and do to us as we had done to them at Ghent. Then countless star-rockets shot from our ranks and filled the purple sky with scintillating beauty, and as our silver sentinels threw wide their arcs of glowing light in mid-heaven, our searchlights leapt to life, their flickering blades of flame, like rapiers suddenly unsheathed, searched in between the spots the star shells left enshrouded in semi-blackness. Broad-bladed beams from other arcs flushed the skies—and then, amidst the radiance thrown afar, we hurled our curtain fire, and every shell seemed to say, in tones of triumph, to the German foe: "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go." The main body of the Huns obeyed that grim mandate, and fell back to wreak vengeance on the civilians' houses near by. I heard the crash of bombs on peaceful dwellings; later I saw the maimed and riven. And in the ears of the Empire and the Allies I pour this cry: "Vengeance—give us vengeance for our murdered dead, if ye be men!" Brave the brute beasts were in battle—I write the things I saw—but in the hour of defeat they were cowards to the core. They shambled the defenceless in their rage, and we be unworthy of the name of manhood if we let this crime pass with windy words and a mockery of sorrow. Vengeance is our right. Let us take it in full measure, heaped up and running over. It awaits us beyond the Rhine. If we will not protect our women, they will scorn us.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Rhondda, Food Controller.

DEAR CATERER,—I acquit you of all complicity in the schemes of the pumpuritan faction, and I am sure you would be the last to aggravate the sore plight of a parched and thirsty nation. At the same time I hardly know what to make of the report that, while the British workman was robbed of his beer and many public-houses closed in the sacred name of food economy, 8,000 tons of malt were exported to Holland—with the curious result that Dutch merchants were able to offer bottled beer to English brewers free on board at Amsterdam. Of course, you may be able to tell me that it was all a mistake, in which case I will try to forgive you. Only let me hear from you soon. JOHN BULL.

To E. Tindall-Atkinson, Esq., K.C., Recorder of Leeds.

DEAR RECORDER,—I can hardly conceive of any circumstances to justify a sentence of three years' penal servitude upon a child of 16. Certainly, I can see no warrant for such a crushing penalty in the case of Florence Atkinson, even though the girl was described by the police as "a dangerous and expert pick pocket." After all, this was an *ex parte* statement, the offence to which the child pleaded guilty being the single theft of a purse of money, and I am bound to think that in all the circumstances you might have found some more merciful solution of the pathetic problem in human frailty that wept to you from the dock,

JOHN BULL.

To H. Gregg, Esq., Mayor, Tynemouth.

DEAR YOUR WORSHIP,—I am not at all certain you are worth the ink, the time, and the paper, but even at the risk of inflating your natural self-importance it has seemed to me that I ought not to pass without protest a statement in that speech of yours to a Band of Hope in the Methody Chapel. Not the one about Tynemouth spending less money in drink and more in provisions; I do not object at all to that, though you *do* sell pie and pudding. "The drink evil," you told your audience, "has done more to impede the progress of this war than any other cause." That, your Worship, is more inaccurate than an exaggeration; it is a lie. Next time you are ladling out your tea and cocoa and pop to a Band of Hope, I think you should not so carefully neglect the verities. The architecture of truth, someone has said, is of Doric simplicity; it ought not therefore to be beyond the comprehension of a teetotal crank, even if it be beyond his vision. JOHN BULL.

To "Commandant" De Valera, M.P.

DEAR REBEL,—You are at the head of the Republican Army in Ireland, and you are using the brains and abilities with which God has endowed you to stir up strife in the once distressful island. Think, man, what you are doing, and before it is too late exercise your influence for peace and contentment in the land you profess to love, not in the direction of red war and tears. Ireland has had, and doubtless still has, her grievances. But the Sinn Fein movement cannot possibly improve the lot of the Irish people, while all it does at the moment is to provide an outlet for those martial energies which Ireland's worthiest sons are expending in the blood and mud of Flanders. If you love your country, I repeat, pause and consider whither your madness may lead her. JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor of Worcester.

WORSHIPFUL SIR,—I put it to you that the good citizens of Worcester are entitled to a full statement of the reason leading up to the resignation of Inspector Smith, the second in command of your Police Force. That there has been a serious scandal of some sort is only too apparent; but it seems that the Watch Committee are anxious to hush the whole business up, no report to the City Council having yet been presented. I am sorry to notice that you appear to endorse this hugger-mugger policy, which, in my judgment, is thoroughly injurious to the public interest. Pray reconsider the matter and let us have the truth without delay.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, K.C., M.P., Home Secretary, Whitehall.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Permit me to direct your attention to a recent decision by the Bury County Justices, Messrs. J. H. Wild (Chairman), T. W. Isherwood, W. Hoyle, J. W. Tabiner, and Dr. Scarr. The Attendance Officer summoned a man named Howarth, of Watling Street, Affetside, for not sending his child to school. The child has passed the seventh standard. In February next she will be 14 years old, and entitled to leave of her own accord. The reason given for her non-attendance is that she is so very tall that she felt "ashamed" to go to school and sit among "a lot of little children." In reply to this evidence the Clerk of the Court turned to the mother and remarked, with obvious asperity, "If she is not under your control she must be placed under somebody else's," and acting on this hint the Bench "decided to send the girl to an Industrial School until she is 16." Now, Sir George, I submit to you that this is a vindictive and improper use of the Education Act, and at the same time a cruel wrong upon the parents. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Sir Arthur Lee, M.P., K.C.B., Chequers Court, near Wendover.

DEAR MY LORD,—I beg your pardon; it is a slip of the pen, and premature, though I dare say Chequers Court is worth it. But, upon my word, I do think you have misapplied that precious and beautiful gift in handing it over to future Prime Ministers. By the time a man is Prime Minister in Britain, he is not usually without a country home in the place where he prefers it, nor, while in office, without ample means to maintain it. The nation would, I am sure, have been more grateful if you had given it as a convalescent home for wounded soldiers during the war, and after the war as a hostel for those who suffer in mind, body, or estate. In brief, I know no class of people to whom I would not rather have given Chequers Court than Prime Ministers. However, a gift's a gift, and so no more. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. Cameron Campbell, Balfron, Scotland.

MEENISTER,—I see the Presbytery of Dumbarton has been rounding upon you for taking two salaries, one as pastor and the other as Army Medical Officer, without making "any provision whatsoever towards the expenses for the provision of pastoral ordinances and visitation" in your parish. Not a few people in the neighbourhood seem to think that I ought to put you in the pillory, but until I know whether you earn more than you can eat I haven't the heart to do it. Besides, I suspect that they would like two salaries themselves—or even three, if they could get 'em—and anyhow, with the present price of food. I am willing to assume that anybody with two salaries probably needs them, and that to give one away might impoverish the larder. Of course, if both salaries are as fat as Falstaff, that's another story; I should in that case say you ought to do something to keep the home pews yearning. The "if" being everything in the case, judgment is hereby reserved. JOHN BULL.

To R. N. Kay, Esq., ex-Sheriff, York.

SIR,—A citizen of York has drawn my attention to sentiments you have publicly expressed in regard to reprisals. In summary, I think I do not unfairly describe them as a Methodistical protest against indulging "policies of revenge" against the Germhuns. "By all means let us defend ourselves in every way we can," you say, "but to go and send death to helpless, undefended women and children—I hope that will never be the policy of this country." What always amazes me, Mr. Kay, is the ubiquity of a type of mind, otherwise patriotic and perhaps otherwise robust, which invariably argues on this matter as if Germhun women and children should be a special object of British solicitude while our own women and children are being murdered and mutilated, without a chance of defence, before our eyes. If your city were to suffer from these pitiless, diabolic Gothas, I think even the Christian conscience of its ex-Sheriff might with composure endure the shock of seeking defence in attack.

JOHN BULL.

HUNGER AND DEATH.

MYSTERY OF THE NEW ZEALAND SOLDIERS' TRAGEDY.

While a Belfast Military Court is engaged on inquiring into the callous neglect which ended in the death of Lance-Corporal Richard Quinn—a matter about which we have had something to say under the title "Only a Common Soldier," and shall have more to say when the investigation is finished—attention may well be directed to the Bere Ferrers Tragedy. The fact that ten New Zealand soldiers lost their lives has been made public, the explanation being that when the train made a temporary stop the men got down on to the line and were run over by a passing express. But there is something more to be added to the meagre accounts of the inquest which have appeared in the Press, and it is something which throws an unpleasant light on the whole affair. If our information is correct—and we challenge investigation—then those who were responsible for the comfort of the troops were very seriously to blame, for the men were kept without food for many hours, and there is not the shadow of a doubt in our mind that it was hunger which induced the soldiers to leave the train in search of their rations. It is admitted that the troops had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and that it was between 3 and 3.30 in the afternoon when they entrained from "a certain Devon station." The arrangement was that they were to be served at the first stopping place, Exeter, from rations carried in the guard's van, but the train was stopped at Bere Ferrers, and the hungry New Zealanders thought this was the place where at last their appetites were to be appeased. At the inquest a good deal was said about the men being kept so long without food, but the names of the officer-witnesses were for some reason withheld from the Press reports. An officer volunteered the remark, "I never heard a New Zealander complain; they always take it as a matter of course." But they did complain! And another officer, who gave some sort of explanation as to the feeding, said, "Every attempt was made to do what was in the interests of the men entrained." What was done? Why was there any difficulty? Clearly those are questions which the friends of the dead men have a right to put. Don't forget those New Zealanders were not in the trenches; they were in bountiful Devon. Where had they come from, what time was breakfast served out, and how many miles had they marched that day before they entrained from a "certain Devon station"? Surely it was only gross neglect on someone's part which kept these poor fellows without food for possibly eight or nine hours, or even longer—for while we are told the hour at which they entrained at "a certain station," mystery surrounds the time the train pulled up at Bere Ferrers. According to the Coroner, the men got down on the line without orders, and "no one was to blame." From that opinion we entirely dissent, and we think the public will agree with us. This is another of those cases which need some further investigation than the meagre inquiry of a Coroner's inquest—which, after all, is merely concerned with the cause of death. What is equally important from a public point of view is to discover whether there was any contributory cause. That can be ascertained only by holding a military inquiry. We have no desire to add to the pain of the relatives of the men who lost their lives, but it is a wrong policy on the part of the authories to show the smallest sign of indifference to the fate of any of our gallant fighting men. We look to the House of Commons to insist upon knowing what lay behind this failure to feed the New Zealanders—a failure which undoubtedly led to their unauthorised action and their deaths.

"SAVE WHO CAN!"

"AIR RAID SHELTER: NONE ADMITTED EXCEPT OFFICIALS."

A taxi-driver tells us that on the Saturday of the air raids he was engaged by "an official of the Special Constables" and directed to drive to Scotland House. "Just as we started the guns began to fire, and were firing all the way. I stopped the engine and followed him, intending to take cover, but I was informed by an official at the door that Scotland House was a Government building and I could not be allowed to take cover there. He advised me to go to Westminster Bridge Station, but the policeman there told me it was not a suitable place, having a glass roof, and advised me to go to Cannon Row Police Station, where I am pleased to say I had a very different reception." Is it to be understood that nobody is allowed shelter in a Government building during an air raid, even though it is the first shelter available? Not a very humanitarian proposition for officialdom, that—and when we know how many "eligibles" have sheltered in the dug-outs of Whitehall, it is scandalous that decent folk should be refused any protection those very protective buildings afford. Another complaint is from workers at Woolwich Arsenal. "We have situated in the Arsenal a block of buildings called the Central Offices. These buildings are the safest, and in fact the only, buildings where we can take shelter with any feeling of security. To our disgust, we are now informed by notices displayed at the entrances that no persons other than the Central Office staff will be allowed to avail themselves of this shelter, and that the doors will be guarded by police. The excuse given is insufficient accommodation. This is a lie, there being sufficient room in the basement and ground floor corridor to accommodate at least 3,000 people. The hands, however, mean to have access to this shelter in the event of a raid, at any cost." We do not like this threat, for if carried out it means serious trouble between the hands and the police. The question is, are the facts as stated correct? Is there actually in the Arsenal safe accommodation for this large number of workers which a comparatively small office staff monopolise for themselves? It is bad enough that we cannot guarantee to our war-workers immunity from air-raids without denying them shelter when the Hun is above our heads.

PROTECTING HIS JOB.

UNMERITED LENIENCY FOR A LEGAL OFFICIAL.

The case of John William Trenfield, Clerk to the Chipping Sodbury Justices, and holder of numerous public appointments, is giving plain folk Bristol way "furiously to think." Trenfield has a clerk whom the military called up for service last September. The Chipping Sodbury potentate was so displeased at this unwarrantable interference with his affairs that, seeing Colonel Burges, the Recruiting Officer, at Bristol Station one evening, he called him—amongst other things—"a damned scoundrel." Following up the Colonel, who refused to have anything to say to him, he used "objectionable language at frequent intervals," and then shouted to the people on the platform, "Come and hear what I have to say about this man." Finally Trenfield was removed, still breathing threats, by a police officer. The Colonel, magnanimously, would not prosecute, but the Railway Company did, and in due course the truculent Trenfield found himself at the Bristol Police Court listening to a charge of "disorderly conduct." He pleaded guilty, admitting all the allegations, and tendered apologies. A conviction, it was stated by the Clerk of the Peace for Gloucestershire, would mean that Chipping Sodbury would have to have another mentor for its Magistrates—so there was no conviction. Evidence was called to show that Trenfield, really was an amiable, good-tempered man, whilst testimony was forthcoming to prove that he had been suffering from "great mental trouble," and that he had "been strange in his manner" since losing his clerk. A medical certificate was put in, and defendant was bound over to be of good behaviour for six months. This man of "many public appointments" is not, on his own pleading, responsible for his actions, but, to save his job—although the Bench thought it "as gross a breach of the bye-law" as could possibly occur—there was no conviction recorded, he being called upon merely to pay ten guineas costs, "to mark their sense of the seriousness of the offence," and he returns to dispense justice to the good folk of Chipping Sodbury! It is evident that, in the view of the Bristol Magistrates, there is one law for the lowly and another for the highly placed.

The CAMEL CORPS.

Of course a gippy will sneak anything and everything . . . you've got to put up with that; it's all in a day's march; but it was a bit thick when I lost my few Cigs; they were the only decent ones I'd got left . . . Old George brought them over from Cairo; "Army Clubs" they're called . . . very bon.

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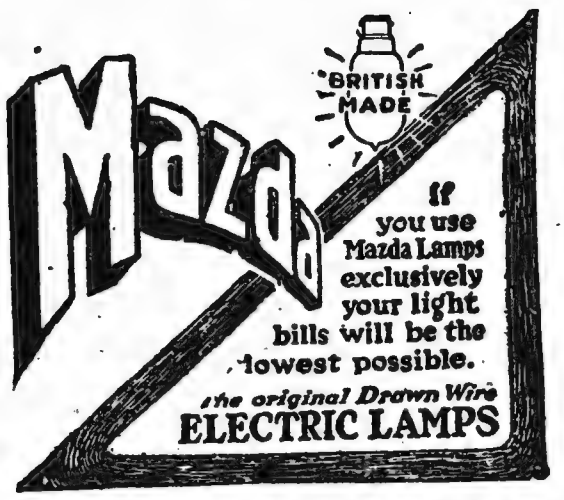
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SPEEDING UP FOR REPRISALS.

HOW THE PUBLIC CAN HELP IN THE WORK.

THERE seems to be no doubt left in the minds of all classes of society that the Hun is about to get his deserts for his night-raiding and bomb-throwing expeditions,

The enthusiasm for reprisals has even spread to the ranks of the authorities, and we have Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Auckland Geddes, and Sir Francis Lloyd all declaring that German cities shall be bombed by British aviators.

The Prime Minister has declared that we are bound as a nation to see the task through; that having put our hands to the plough we must go on with the business. He may take it for granted that we will, for whoever may have any doubt in his mind as to the ethics of reprisals, the British public to a man are determined that there shall be no more delay.

What everyone wants to know is when the hum of our aeroplanes is to be heard over the German cities, and the crack of bombs to make the Hun shiver in fright and wish he had not invented the system of terrorism. The bombing of these cities which were supposed to be inaccessible—the terror of real bombing, for when we start anything the Hun has attempted or invented we always go one better—will have a marked effect all over Germany.

Just as we taught the German soldiers in the trenches to dread the commencement of work by our big guns, just as we taught them to dread our gas attacks after they had invented this sort of warfare, so will we teach the inhabitants of the Fatherland to tremble at the first whirring he hears in the skies of night.

A few tons of bombs on Essen or Mannheim or other cities easy to mention—bombs, mark you, not made in Germany—and there will be such a whining and a whimpering all over the Fatherland that the Kaiser and his war lords will have a hard task to keep their subjects from showing some spirit at last and rising in rebellion. The old doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth can be improved on. For every woman and child killed in England we can exact ten on as many Germans as our bombs can reach.

The best defence we can have against the raiding Gothas is to attack them in their lair, and also to kill off the people who allow them to sally forth and gloat over every exaggerated account of raids in the German papers as a glorious German victory.

There will be no gloating on our part. We are not wanton murderers who kill for the sake of killing, but a people determined to put a stop for all time by the only means in our power of German barbarity.

The authorities have announced that the reprisals will commence as soon as they have the necessary aircraft, and what the public must do is to see that there are no difficulties in the way of the production of machines. They can go further than this, and assist in the work by investing what money they can spare in the aircraft industry.

The Government are not in a position to take upon them the financing of the private firms which have had to start handicapped in the race for aerial armament.

They can place as many orders as they like, but they cannot give these privately-owned firms the capital necessary to build new factories, instal fresh plant, and employ more workers.

Aviation has made such rapid strides since the war began that one is left amazed at the successes which private firms have achieved.

Before the war the demand for aeroplanes was limited. A few sportsmen and professional airmen and, of course, the military authorities on a small scale, were the only people who could place orders for machines. Few people were far-seeing enough to forecast the future or to believe that within a few years the demands would be so great that our factories could scarcely cope with the demands made upon them. Engineering firms and capitalists generally thought that the commercial future was far distant, and they held back the capital they might have invested till such times as they could see more clearly.

When the war broke out the private firms had to make up their minds to tackle the problem of production as best they could, and when one visits the vast colony which has sprung up at Richmond, and learns of the great achievements of a firm like Whitehead Aircraft, Limited, one can realise more fully how much more they could do if they had the whole-hearted support of the man in the street.

After all, why should not the man in the street own the aerial navies of Britain?

They are going to be one of the most effective arms of the Service. They are going to protect his womenfolk and children; they are going to keep the feet of the invaders off our shores, and they are going to have a big share in bringing the war to a speedy and a victorious end. Without the aeroplanes at the front to keep the German machines from flying over our lines the lives of our lads at the front would be in greater danger. The enemy cannot find out what Sir Douglas Haig is doing behind the lines, but our aviators fly over their lines in all weathers and in spite of all they can do to prevent them, and bring back tidings of what the German Higher Command is proposing to essay.

Everybody cannot hope to take part in the actual building of aeroplanes in the factory. But they can put the wings together, can tune up the engines and launch the machines into the air, by staying at home and sending their money to be invested in the factories.

This is better for all concerned, better even than purchasing a machine and handing it over to the Government. Once that machine is smashed there is an end to the investment. A unit of the fighting force is lost for all time. But if the money be invested in the industry another machine can be turned out to take the place of the damaged one, and so on for all time.

Another point which must be borne in mind is that by this system you are also making an investment which will be a valuable one in the future.

Most people will invest what they can for patriotic reasons, but the fact must not be lost sight of that the end of the war will not see the end of our craft production.

Aeroplanes will still be required by the Army authorities to use in training our aviators, who must be ready for action at any time. We all desire a lengthy peace, and we all know that one way to ensure it is to teach other nations that we are ready for war: that we have more aircraft than they can build, and better pilots to man them. So the Army must have aeroplanes and the Navy seaplanes.

In the world of travel, in the fields of travel, the requirements as the years pass will be so great that bold would be the man who would try fully to describe them. Every few months may see a new invention, a new adaptation, and it will be the duty of the aircraft industry to see that in the production of the latest machines no other country shall get ahead of us. The aircraft industry of this country must be the greatest that the world has ever known. Once aircraft begins to throng the skies in countless numbers our homeland will be an island no more unless we lead in all matters appertaining to aviation.

Even if the public subscribe only in single pound shares a great deal can be done. In the course of a few months our aerial fleets can be augmented considerably, and within a year we will be well on the way to establishing a hold on the aircraft industry which will leave Germany miles behind for years to come.

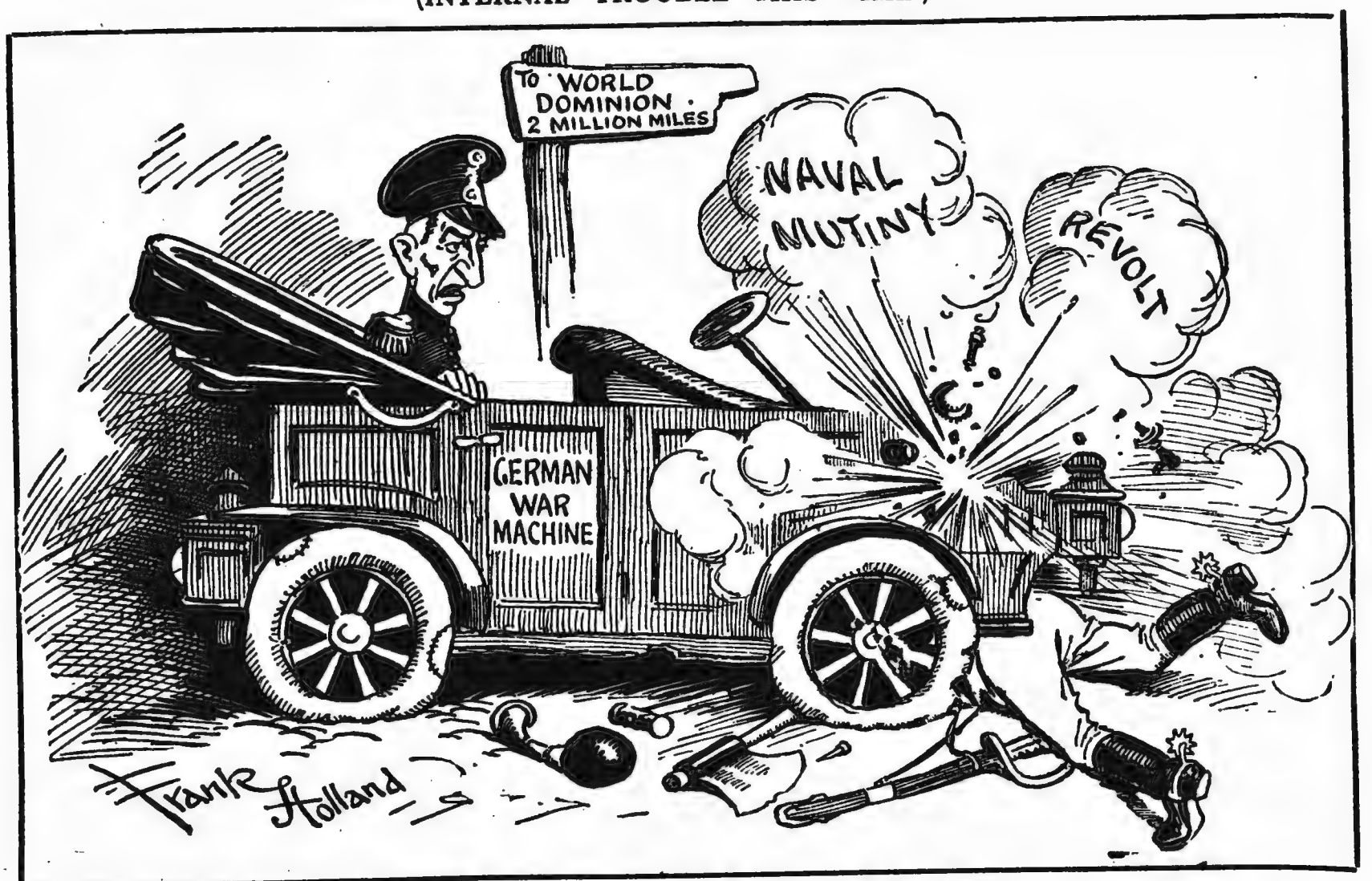
A good beginning is half the battle, and if in times of war we can build up the new industry and at the same time assist in the military operations it will be a triumph such as may be handed down with pride to the generation that is to follow in our footsteps.

It is understood that Whitehead Aircraft (1917), *Ltd., which has done so much to build up Britain's supremacy of the air, will, in the course of a few days, be increasing their capital in order that they may carry out the ever-increasing contracts which they receive from the Government, and no doubt they will receive all the encouragement which is required from the public.*—(*Advt.*)

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 16.

MORE MOTORING.

(INTERNAL TROUBLE THIS TIME.)



LITTLE WILLIE: "Isn't it annoying, Pa-pa?"

[With no apologies to Harry Tate!

SOLDIERS' RATES.

DISGRACEFUL ACTION BY THE BATTERSEA COUNCIL.

The attitude of the Battersea Borough Council in regard to arrears of rates owing by men serving with the Colours is nothing short of disgraceful. In the case of Private H. Bolton, a greengrocer, of Bellevue Road, S.W., whose wife has made a plucky attempt to keep the business together while her husband serves his country, the Town Clerk was actually instructed to apply for Committal Orders in respect of two quarters' rates; and when the Magistrates very properly declined to take any such action against a soldier, it was intimated that "the wife would be brought on to the rate-book and her goods distrained upon." Just as inexcusable was the action of the Council in the case of Private Jabez Dodwell, a Home Service man, with an outfitting business at Lavender Hill, S.W. Anxious if possible to "carry on" while serving in the Army, Dodwell persuaded his landlord to reduce his rent by 50 per cent., naturally expecting to receive a similar abatement of his rate assessment. The Overseers, however, declined to recognise the rent reduction, while the Civil Liabilities Commissioners were unwilling to make a grant on the ground that the action of the Council was unreasonable, if not actually illegal. In this dilemma, Dodwell was faced with a demand for the full amount of the rates, which in the reduced state of his business he was unable to meet, the upshot of the matter being the payment of £7 on account and the issue by the Magistrates of a Distress Warrant for the balance of £4 odd. If, in a case like this, the Overseers should go to the length of an actual sale of the soldier's goods, they will have earned the contempt of all fair-minded men. There seems lately, we are sorry to say, to have been a sad falling off in patriotism among some of the Battersea local authorities.

A DISAPPOINTED "TOM TIDDLER."

ANOTHER CASE OF SMALL PROFITS AND SLOW RETURNS.

Having gathered from a newspaper article that the humble dandelion root might be worth, for medicinal purposes, as much as £5 per cwt., a Leatherhead reader got into touch with the National Herb Growing Association, formerly of Queen Anne's Chambers, S.W., and now of Verulam Street, Gray's Inn Road, E.C., from whom he received detailed directions for the collection of the herb. "As you are probably aware," wrote the Secretary, "we sell the roots for those who send them up"—and again, "If you can collect about a hundredweight of the undried roots and send them to us here, we can take them." Recalling the £5 fable, and encouraged by this definite offer, our friend was soon digging and delving to some purpose, and in a few days was able to dispatch a hundredweight or so of the roots to the Association's offices, their receipt being acknowledged on March 30th, with the intimation that, after being prepared for the market by the removal of the leaves and "crowns," the consignment had been reduced in weight to 72 lbs. At this weight, the herbs were accepted "for sale as soon as possible," but, on April 12th our correspondent found it necessary to advise the Association that he had "not yet been favoured with a cheque for the same," and two months later, on June 11th, this reminder was repeated. Finally, the collector was informed that his 72 lbs. of roots, the gathering of which had entailed many hours of labour, had been valued at 6s. only, but up till the time when he placed the facts and correspondence before us, our informant was still without a remittance for even this paltry sum. Evidently the grubbing up of herbal roots under the auspices of the National Herb Growing Association is something less than the equivalent of digging for gold.

GET THE FL

Good News from America—What

By THE

WELL, how do you like the look of things *now*? Not so very far wrong was I—think you—when I came back from the Front and told you that "the war is won"? Since then General Smuts has given you a similar message—whilst even Mr. Churchill, mellowed by bitter disappointments in the past, says "Nobody can say how thin is the partition which separates the enemy from utter collapse." And on the top of these assurances comes a variety of news from Germany, every item of which, to my mind, confirms their accuracy.

Signs and Portents.

Let us look at these signs and portents. First, we have one of the leading German papers saying, apropos of Haig's smashing offensives, that "we must hold our breath"—and going on to confess that "if the British break through in the West, our whole front must give way—with consequences of the most far-reaching and startling character"; the only consolation it offers being that "our gallant troops must fight on to the end." Now for a German paper to be allowed to publish anything like that is one of the most significant signs of the times. It means that the Kaiser is ready to prepare his people for the worst. And now turn to the speech of the Chancellor—Dr. Michaelis—in the Reichstag, and listen to this: "Mental and moral pabulum is urgently needed at the army front." There's a confession for you! It means, in plain language, "Our men have got the funks—their *moral* has gone." Imagine Haig telling us that *his* men are urgently in need of "mental and moral pabulum"! Then, look at the news about the mutiny in the German Fleet—the object of which, says the chief of the Admiralty, is "to paralyse the navy and force peace upon the country." Believe me, that mutiny is no small thing, or it would never have been brought to light. Consider the Kaiser's remedy—"Shoot one man in seven"! And did you notice the admission of at least one member of the Reichstag that he, and his friends, had been privy to the whole thing? Will these men be prosecuted? Devil a bit of it! It would mean the immediate outbreak of that German revolution which is now brewing, and which will ere long drive the Kaiser and all the Hohenzollern crew into exile—unless, indeed, a worse fate awaits them. Well, from what I gathered in conversation with Germans, prisoners and wounded, I should not be surprised to hear, at any moment, that the army will be the next to mutiny. *Watch the German army!* Ah, you will say, but what about that bombastic declaration by Baron von Kuhlmann, the German Foreign Minister, that "to the question, will Germany in any form make any concessions with regard to Alsace-Lorraine, the answer is 'No—never'"? And he went on to assert that "so long as a single German hand can hold a gun, the integrity of the territory handed down to us as a glorious inheritance by our forefathers can never be the subject of any negotiations or concessions." That sounds pretty confident, you will say—not much like throwing up the sponge. But, you see, I know these politicians, and I have learnt, when they indulge in a particularly heroic flight of oratory, to look for the "nigger on the fence." And so I quietly went through the rest of the speech—and came upon this: "With the exception of the French demand for the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine, *there is no absolute impediment to peace—no question that could not be solved by negotiation.*" Now ask yourselves what *that* means. I will tell you. It means this: "Take our Colonies; turn us out of Belgium, and Flanders and Northern France—do what you like with us, but *leave us Alsace-Lorraine.* You see, Alsace-Lorraine is so very near our frontier, and if we gave it up the people would *know* how badly we were beaten, and we should all lose our heads." *That* is what the German Foreign Minister means. Yes, I was right and Smuts was right, in what we told you. *And Haig was right in what he told me!*

What the German Officer Said.

In this connection, I recall a conversation I had with a German officer, now a prisoner of war. "We believe," he said, "that Alsace-Lorraine is the key to the whole war. Trieste comes next. We have reason to believe—*good* reason—(and he put great stress on the words) that if France gets her lost provinces and Italy gets Trieste, peace could be arranged in a week," "What of Constantinople?" I asked. "Ah," he replied, with a significant smile, "we can talk about that later." I have not the slightest doubt as to what he meant. He meant that, after Russia's recent collapse, the Allies would not trouble much about her, for, in further conversation, he freely discussed the possibility of another Russo-Japanese war, and I think he saw in that event (remote as I hope it is) Germany's opportunity to secure the retention of the Turkish capital for its ally. But it was always Alsace-Lorraine! "In the end," he said sadly, "if we are beaten in the West, we shall have to readjust our frontier, making the Rhine the boundary, as before 1870; but, in return, we shall stand out for *some* colonial concessions. The only other thing you are likely to get is some compensation to Belgium." He was a man of education and spoke with an air of knowledge, and I am not sure that he will prove to be very wrong —*unless the Politicians leave it to Haig*, AND AMERICA.

What Will Happen.

It is quite obvious what is about to happen. The rot having set in, Germany will begin to feel her way towards peace, step by step—trusting to an enforced truce during the winter months. But here, again, she will be doomed to disappointment. Haig has no intention of resting. No weather could well be worse than that in which he conducted his last push—or, rather, the last push up to the time of our going to press, it being quite within the bounds of possibility that he may have moved again before this number of our journal is read. Bit by bit, the German public will be prepared for the inevitable surrender. The next suggestion about Alsace-Lorraine will be that, like Poland, those provinces shall become a separate

AGS READY!

the German Officer Told Me.

ITOR.

buffer State; then a "plebiscite" of the population will be proposed—and I am not sure that our politicians may not fall into *that* trap. Like the simpletons and theorists they are, it will never occur to them that, before any plebiscite were taken, Germany would have prepared the ground by "watering" the population, and buying it by all sorts of bribes and promises. As regards the lost Colonies, this plebiscite dodge will also be tried—and I recall with apprehension something Mr. Lloyd George said a few months ago about those places being governed, after the war, "in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants." We do not want a Niggers' Referendum. On the question of Army limitation, our artful foe will willingly yield—her own army being decimated and broken; but when it comes to sea power, having kept her navy intact, she will make a strong stand. As regards Belgium and France, as I have said, there will be no difficulty—because she *knows* that she must clear out. Haig will see to that. Aye, and he will see to something else, if only he is left alone. And that is where you and I come in. We must make sure that the job is not taken out of his hands. I confess that I have a real horror of what may happen the moment Germany sues for peace, as sue for peace she will—"long before she reaches the Rhine," says Smuts, you will remember. Beware of Bolo—I use the word as a generic term for the peacemonger, be he knave or crank. And I have already told you how the soldiers dread his appearance on the scene. I know what Haig's plan is—and I am watching its evolution with keen and ever increasing interest. It will soon become apparent to all the world; and it will be nothing short of a ghastly sin if, on the very eve of its fruition, he is called off, whilst the Whitehall mandarins prattle and wag their heads. We are all war-weary—but we are not, like Germany, war-worn. And we must go right on with it, till either Berlin is in our hands, or Germany has laid down her arms and *has surrendered her fleet*. Nothing short of that will do.

Good News from America.

Always bear in mind that Germany is counting the days until America really comes in. I doubt whether the general public has any idea of what our Western Ally is doing. Five million men are already in training—half of whom will be ready by the end of the year. Twenty-five thousand aeroplanes—and they are "some" aeroplanes!—are being built, ten thousand of which will soon be ready. A hundred thousand pilots are being trained—and don't they revel in the work! *And I should not be at all surprised to hear that a large first delivery has already been made.* Perhaps the next full moon will tell us something. Several thousand ships, armed with the latest type of gun, are well on the stocks. Unlimited supplies of food, and of money, are also at the service of the Allies. Poor Kaiser! No wonder he wants peace! "There must be no 'Next Time,'" says the Prime Minister. "There must be no next *year*," says the Kaiser—to himself and his staff. As for Austria and Turkey—well, they don't count. They are ready to sign *any* Peace Treaty. Russia has committed suicide—otherwise the war might have brought her within the Family of Nations. She has missed a glorious opportunity; and her fate should be a lesson for all time to those who think that through anarchy runs the short cut to national salvation. I use the word anarchy deliberately—there has been no genuine Revolution; the whole thing has been a Bolo business—but our politicians could not see through it. They seriously sent out Special Envoys to confer with the "new Russian Democracy"—and these well-meaning, but simple-minded, gentlemen came back fooled "to the top of their bent." Yet I am far from satisfied that the defection of Russia may not, in the end, prove "a blessing in disguise."

British Bolos, Beware!

Meanwhile, we are about to witness the last throw, before collapse. Bolo is to come actively on the scene. You have heard of the French Bolo—but, taking him as a generic species, he is infinitely worse in Britain. He is subtle and sinister—and he stands between the Allies and Victory. Believe me, there are persons in this country who are shaking in their shoes, fearing the disclosures which may come, and awaiting with shivering dread the revelation of their dirty and despicable efforts to rob us of the full fruit of our sacrifice. They work in underground ways; their dug-outs are constructed in un-suspected places. Too long have they been permitted to entrench themselves in the avenues of Finance—in Society—in circles the most exalted. Wherever you turn you may note the traces of their burrowings; like the mole, they work silently and in the dark. You are ignorant of their efforts until the earth is thrown up and the slime of their tracks is made manifest. Well, they are the Enemy at Home. Be on your guard against them. You will find them everywhere—in the Press, on the Platform, in Parliament—and in Whitehall. I am not sure that the last type is not the most dangerous. Through the Defence of the Realm Act—with its Liquor Control, Censorship, Food Regulations, and in a score of other ways—they have done their best to undermine the spirit and confidence of the nation. By the mad policy of suppressing the names of British regiments which have distinguished themselves on the field, we have allowed the enemy to think that all the fighting has fallen on the Colonials, whilst the British have slunk in the background like skulking hounds. And in regard to the Terms of Peace, the Bolos have been at work. All the present talk of compromise about Alsace-Lorraine is their work. They do not realise, however, that Alsace-Lorraine is the symbol of the soul of France—and that there can be no compromise. And so through all the tortuous paths of Diplomacy you may find the hand of the British Bolos. Some day we may ask, who keeps the game going—who pays the piper? And on this point we may have a rude awakening any moment. There is much fluttering just now in the Pacifist dovecots. I warn these gentry that, in sporting parlance, "their number is up."

NO CHAIRS FOR THE WOUNDED.

THOUGHTLESS TREATMENT OF LOOS SURVIVORS.

To mark the anniversary of Loos, a Memorial Service was held in West Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, the Lord Provost presiding. There were about 300 chairs provided for privileged ticket holders, and half-an-hour before proceedings commenced a dozen maimed men from hospital—some with one leg, some with one arm, all sadly hurt—saw those empty seats and made towards them. Alas! at the gate they were turned away, the damp, cold grass being indicated as a place whereon they might sit. At starting time a number of chairs were still empty, and some big-hearted man sent for the wounded ones to occupy them, to the accompaniment of a big cheer. There were other points of bad management, but we need only add that many discharged men had to stand entirely outside the gardens, and among them were numbers who had fought at Loos, the very battle celebrated by that Service.

SOME STRANGE FIGURES.

PERTINENT POINTS *RE* TOMMY'S TRANSPORT.

To further its appeal for funds for carrying on its work among the soldiers, the Y.M.C.A. has issued a summary of its annual out-goings. One item, we confess, astonishes us. It is: "Motor cars, vans, lorries, etc., for the night transport of soldiers on leave through our great cities, and for motor cars, etc., running expenses, etc., £54,778." Now, according to the Return for July, recently published, 55,846 men were conveyed across London and to rest houses, etc., 815 cars and 472 lorries being used. 34,000 of the men were transported during the night hours only by the 4th/23rd Squadrons of the City of London Motor Volunteer Corps, in 543 cars and over 400 lorries, at a comparatively insignificant cost, all the workers being volunteers and the cars and vans lent free. The remaining twenty thousand odd were taken by three or four other organisations, of which the Y.M.C.A. was one only. Perhaps Sir Arthur Yapp can explain?

TRUTH ABOUT "TOXALE."

ANOTHER WARNING TO BEER DRINKERS.

We recently noticed the claims of W. Bloomfield, of Beverley, in regard to his "Toxale," professing surprise that the Excise authorities had not inquired into the nature of this "scientific secret," especially in view of the stress laid by the manufacturer upon the intoxicating qualities of the beverage. However, according to an expert, Toxale is "a tonic and stimulant of 2 per cent. alcoholic strength"—that is to say, it contains about as much alcohol as most "non-intoxicating" liquors. To describe Toxale as an "intoxicating" beer is, therefore, an abuse of words.

MEN WHO GET THE MEDALS.

AND THE MEN WHO ARE LEFT IN THE COLD.

Men on trawlers engaged in mine-laying have a hard and hazardous time of it. Under a skipper, they do the most of the work. They have to get the mines aboard and prime them, they have to work, sleep, and live close beside them for weeks on end. There is a lieutenant in command who lives ashore, comes aboard for half-an-hour daily, and sometimes goes to sea with the cargo to supervise its planting. The lieutenant gets any "honour" which is going; the skipper and crew get nothing. They just count it all in the game, and carry on. Then there is again the instance of that fine young airman—a Sub-Lieutenant—who, flying with a mechanic, was forced to descend upon the sea and drifted for six days and five nights, without food, at the mercy of wind and wave. They were completely exhausted when picked up by a warship. The officer has received the Distinguished Service Cross, and he may wear it with pride, for he is an honour to the Service. But so is that mechanic, a boy of eighteen, we believe. He gets nothing. Of a verity it seems that the giving of medals is much a matter of haphazard when men plainly entitled to recognition are ignored.

FOR SNOWDEN TO STUDY.

WHAT BLACKBURN THINKS OF THE OBJECTS.

Blackburn, stained by Snowden, is anxious to cleanse itself. It has just taken a big stride on the path towards redemption. Blackburn weavers received from the Objects at Dartmoor an appeal which is being sent out by those super-shirks, full of crocodile tears and tales of bad treatment. An answer has been duly forwarded by Mr. Walter Duckworth, Secretary of the Weavers' Society. He expressed polite thanks for circular and pamphlets; they had been placed before the Committee, and that body of hard-headed men had passed certain unanimous resolutions. And the Objects learned that they were as follows:—"(1) That the treatment accorded to C.O.s is much too lenient and gentle. (2) That the C.O.s have no moral right to existence prolonged by food procured by the militarist protection of our Fleet. (3) That all C.O.s should be disfranchised permanently and refused all access to our courts of law. (4) That all C.O.s should be deported to Germany, their spiritual home." These decisions were forwarded to Dartmoor, "with congratulations on your truly Christian hatred of your country and love for your brother Hun." It need scarcely be set down that we are in entire sympathy with the sentiments of the weavers. They have admirably expressed the overwhelming opinion of the country, and their voice is all the more welcome as coming from Blackburn, a constituency Snowden could not mis-represent for one day if he dared to face the true situation. We congratulate the weavers of Blackburn upon their opportune and manly denunciation of those who have sought to weaken the war spirit of the working classes.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

• MUD-DLING THROUGH •

Our Tommies, though they hate the mud,
Push on, for vict'ry's in their blood;
Whereas the Boches, when we "push,"
Can only find defeat in slush.

• A REVOLTING SCENE •

The German sailor finds that he
Is in a fearful quandary—
If he declines to sail, he's shot;
Or, sailing, sinks, as like as not!

• DER BRITISCH BOLO •

At last, we're giv'n to understand,
We're going to track the Hidden Hand;
In other words, we're going to follow
The devious ways of many a Bolo.

Read what this FAMOUS COOK says on

MAKING the BEST of WAR FLOUR

By Elsie Mary Wright

("Cordon Bleu" Medallist of the National Training School of Cookery; Domestic Editress, "Everywoman's Weekly," etc., etc., and one of the best known cookery experts in London).

YOU and your family need worry no more about the appalling war flour we are getting now-a-days. You can buy at your grocer's a preparation which, in the words of one of the best-known cookery experts in London, completely solves war flour troubles. And this wonderful preparation will also save you *at least* eightpence in the shilling on your eggs—a 7d. tin is equal to **21** eggs—*three a penny!*

But read the story as Miss Wright tells it. Here are her words:

Miss Wright says:

"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty. I have tested Goodall's Egg Powder in some of my own recipes, and found it excellent. It is quite free from any drying effect in cakes or pastry—a fault I have noticed in some imitations, and it enriches and greatly improves the recipes in which it is used."

WHY not get a few 1½d. packets (or a 7d. tin) from your grocer to-day, and let Goodall's Egg Powder begin to make war flour acceptable (and save you money) in your home? Instead of using three eggs in that favourite cake of yours use *one* egg only and one packet of Goodall's Egg Powder. The cost will then be 4½d. instead of 9d., the cake's flavour and appearance and everything else will be perfect, AND you'll have saved 4½d.

IMPORTANT.

Don't accept a mere substitute when you ask for Goodall's Egg Powder—it is different from and better than its imitators, as was *proved* by an independent scientific analysis in "The Times" Food Number of June 8th, 1914.

Your grocer will supply what you want—the genuine Goodall's—if you insist. And you'll find it worth while to do so.

1½d. packets; large **7d.** and **1/2** tins.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IS EXCELLENT FOR

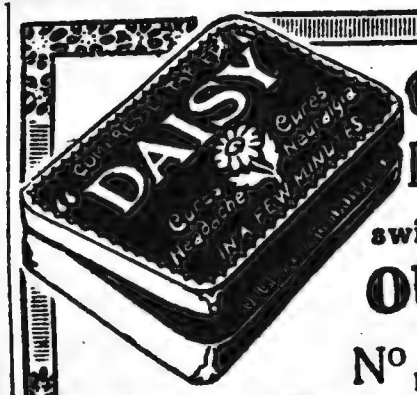
The tonic and restorative properties of Mother Seigel's Syrup have a most excellent and beneficial effect on the organs of digestion—stomach, liver and bowels.

If you suffer from indigestion or fail to obtain full nourishment from the food you eat, try the effect of taking twenty drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup in a little water after each meal. In tens of thousands of cases this simple and inexpensive treatment has replaced weakness by strength, sickness by health and brought back the joy of living to pain-stricken martyrs to Indigestion.

Mrs. M. A. Cripps, Well Cottage, Longridge, near Stroud, Glos., writing on July 12th last year said :—"I don't think that anyone could possibly have suffered more keenly from pains of Indigestion than I have during a long period of my life. Right from a young woman I had been a victim to this complaint until twelve years ago, when through Mother Seigel's Syrup I completely banished it."

INDIGESTION

AND STOMACH TROUBLES.
GIVES
NEW STRENGTH!
NEW ENERGY! NEW LIFE!



CURE your HEADACHES

swiftly and surely—and at

OUR Expense.

NO longer is it necessary to let a headache spoil a whole day or a whole afternoon or evening—it can be cured safely, certainly and so easily in two or three minutes. Because we want you to learn at once what this means to you, we are offering a generous sample box of this convenient remedy which has taken the fear of headache out of thousands of lives.

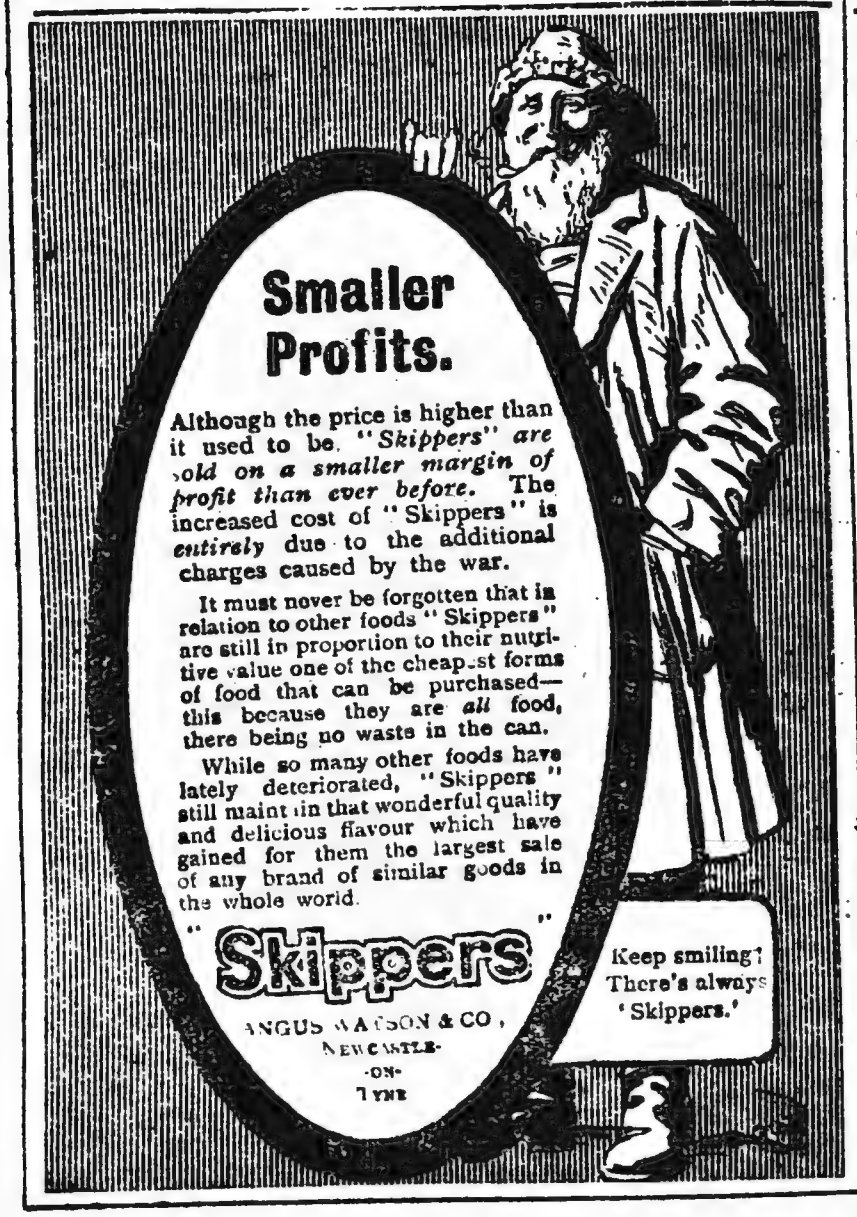
GET THIS TIN and Headache and Neuralgia can trouble you no more. In one of these tiny tins is stored the certain, almost magical cure for a dozen attacks—no matter how severe the pain, you can be sure that two tablets will quickly send it about its business.

1/3 from all chemists and stores. Get a tin to-day and be prepared

"Once I was a martyr to headache," writes a Greengates lady, "fierce attacks tormented me at least two days out of every week, but since I tried Daisy Tablets I fear it no longer, for both the headache and I know those wonderful Tablets are its master—two are always sufficient to put the worst attack to flight, and it is the exception for the cure to take more than a couple of minutes."

DAISY TABLETS

SAMPLE AND TREATISE FREE. *Send your address, with a penny stamp to Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T7), Leeds, and we will send you a dainty box FREE, along with a most interesting and useful scientific booklet on Head and Nerve pains. Write to-day, as this offer is for a short time only.*


Smaller Profits.
Although the price is higher than it used to be, "Skippers" are sold on a smaller margin of profit than ever before. The increased cost of "Skippers" is entirely due to the additional charges caused by the war.
It must never be forgotten that in relation to other foods "Skippers" are still in proportion to their nutritive value one of the cheapest forms of food that can be purchased—this because they are all food, there being no waste in the can.
While so many other foods have lately deteriorated, "Skippers" still maintain that wonderful quality and delicious flavour which have gained for them the largest sale of any brand of similar goods in the whole world.
"Skippers"
ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
Keep smiling! There's always 'Skippers.'

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE CANTEENS SECTION.
ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

WANTED FOR MINERAL WATER DEPARTMENT—Engineers and Greasers used to Oil Engines, Ice Making and Refrigerating Appliances; Experienced Syrup Mixers: Hands to Work Crown Fillers and Crown Corkers; also Labourers for Bottling, Washing, Labelling, Packing, and General Work.

Also vacancies for Butchers and Bakers, Chefs, Cooks, Grocery and Provision Hands, Boiler House Hands, Clerks (Shorthand Typists), Hairdressers, Storekeepers, Waiters, &c., &c.

The following are eligible:—Men over military age in any category if physically fit, or soldiers finally discharged, Men in categories Bii, Cii, Biii, Ciii. Men in categories Bi and Ci, if over 35 years of age. Candidates must possess highest reference for ability and honesty.

Applicants must apply by post, enclosing copies of references to Officer-in-Charge Staff, Expeditionary Force Canteens, 110, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

SOOTHING AS AN OLD TIME MELODY

Spinet

THE SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia. Cork-tipped Ovals. 1/2 for 20 Also in boxes of 50 and 100.

Spinet Mixture for the Pipe 1/7 for 2 oz.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

POTTERY BY POST.

RECORD OF AN UNSATISFACTORY FIRM.

It may be true, as is claimed by the Century Pottery Company, of Fountain Place, Burslem, that their system of postal trading "cuts out all expenses of assistants, travellers and agents," but when the Company go on to state that the customer "gets the benefit" of this arrangement "in lower price, better quality and choicer designs," they invite a candid rejoinder. A Wimborne reader who sent the Company a remittance of 14s. 3d., with an order for crockery chosen from the catalogue, waited three weeks without hearing any more of the matter. Replying to a letter of protest, the firm "regretted the delay," but another three weeks elapsed and still there was "nothing doing." Finally, our correspondent was so exasperated that he cancelled the order and demanded the return of his money, at the same time laying the facts of the case before the Burslem police authorities. In due course, the Deputy-Chief Constable intimated that he had "caused Mr. Tunnicliffe, Proprietor of the Century Pottery Company, to be seen, and he had promised to write." This gentle reminder seems to have had the desired effect; at any rate the goods were soon afterwards dispatched, although the purchaser was by no means satisfied with their quality.

A QUEER ACCOUNT.

THE WOUNDED AND AN ARSENAL FUND.

Special interest attaches to the latest Statement of Accounts of the Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard Wounded Soldiers' and Sailors' Entertainment Fund, from which it appears that the Committee have wound up the season with a balance-in-hand of £169. The disbursements, however, seem to have been on a lavish scale, and some of the items may perhaps require a word of explanation, having little apparent relation to the entertainment of wounded soldiers and sailors. Such entries as £27 15s. for teas for the Committee, Band and Artistes; £18 16s. for the "refreshment" of the Committee, Band, etc., and £4 15s. 5½d. for "Matches, flowers, rosettes and pianoforte removal" may pass, but what is to be said of "donations" amounting in all to £60 to the Frognal Hospital, the Bally Kinlar Convalescent Camp, the St. John's Ambulance Association and the Royal Arsenal Police Band? The donation to the Police Band may have been in the nature of payment for services rendered, but subscribers to the Arsenal and Dockyard Wounded Soldiers' and Sailors' Entertainment Fund can hardly have expected their contributions to be diverted to hospital work, to an Irish Convalescent Camp, or even to the excellent uses of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. And what, by the way, is to become of that useful cash balance of £169? Perhaps the Committee will be good enough to state their plans.

"DIVINE PROPERTY."

MINISTER WHO LIBELLED HIS FLOCK.

It is our wish to listen to the small voice as well as to the loud one, and we found room for the cry that reached us from Ullapool, a little fishing village on the coast of Ross, whose old folk (the young ones are fighting) have been publicly branded in print as thieves, by the minister of the parish. We said the reverend gentleman had circulated a nasty leaflet, in which he fulminated against "the degrading sin of stealing salmon." Our retort was that his shrieking leaflet was "a libel on his parish, and neither charitable nor Christianlike." To that the reverend gentleman has obliged us with a reply. It is this: "Sir,— If you design to encourage people to break the laws of God and man, I accept your hostilities with pleasure. Yours truly, J. A. D. J. Macdonald, Ullapool." It is an ancient device of theologians in controversy to attribute sentiments to an opponent that were never held by him. We have not encouraged people to break the laws of God and man. We have protested strongly because a priest called his own people "thieves." We do not encourage poaching, but we say distinctly that all poaching is not theft. To net a fish from a tidal river or from the sea itself is not "thieving"; neither God nor man has termed it so.

RAPHAEL TUCK.

A DIFFERENT VERSION.

With reference to the paragraph which appeared in a recent issue, under the heading "Printed in Saxony," Messrs. Raphael Tuck assure us that it is quite untrue that prior to the war nearly the whole of their colour printing was done in Germany, but that, on the contrary, a large proportion of it was even then printed in the United Kingdom, whilst a considerable percentage of these English-printed cards was exported to what are now enemy countries. As regards those of battleships, etc., the circulation of which is now prohibited by the Defence of the Realm Act, they state that the sudden and unexpected prohibition left them with a very large quantity in hand—none of which has left their premises since the Order was made; whilst, in reference to the special case of the small shopkeeper we referred to, on investigating the matter further we find that of a total order of £7 odd only a few shillings represented either pictures of battleships or cards printed in Saxony, and that it was not until three years after supplying the goods that they took any proceedings. We are further assured that their reputation in the trade for lenient treatment of their customers is such that, notwithstanding a very large turnover, not more than £200 worth of accounts per annum are on an average handed over to their solicitors for collection. Seeing that we were misled by the shopkeeper in question, we think it only fair to the firm to give publicity to these statements.

The name "**De Reszke**" *American* on the box is a pledge of quality—a guarantee that no better Virginia Cigarettes are made.

Sold everywhere.

The Fighting Spirit

and the will to do things that count depend entirely on the state of your health.

The one who does the hardest day's work with a good spirit—be it man or woman—doesn't have to be troubled with headache, depression or tiredness the day the record is made.

Good Blood and Good Health are partners.

Keep the blood pure—have every organ working perfectly—ensure that all that is not needed for the building of your body is thrown off, and you will experience the joy of life "packed to the brim and running over."

Chocoloids will prove a boon to all who suffer from Constipation and the consequent headaches, loss of appetite, depression of the nervous system, etc.

The composition of Chocoloids is entirely herbal in character, and they assist Nature in a perfectly natural manner. They are always effective, yet never drastic.

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THE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

Price 2/6 per box of 60 Tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case.

Sample Box 1/3, containing 24 Tablets. Obtainable from all Chemists and Druggists.

Send a Tin to the Front.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Chocoloids we will send you a Box Post Free on receipt of purchase price.

THE CHOCOLOID CO.,
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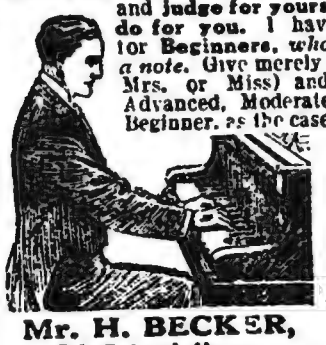

A TYPICAL LETTER.

"It seems simply marvellous how each difficulty vanishes, as one goes on, step by step."

Miss E. H. (Ipswich).

Mr. H. BECKER,
81, Bristol House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

WHEN YOU SUFFER.

ANTIKAMNIA QUICKLY RELIEVES ALL ACHES AND PAINS.
TRIAL BOXES FREE TO-DAY.

Send your name and address to-day (a postcard will do) to address below, and you will receive free of charge a presentation trial box of Antikamnia Tablets.

With the box you will also receive an interesting booklet which tells how you may quickly relieve all pain due to:—

RHEUMATISM HEADACHE SCIATICA
NEURALGIA TOOTHACHE GOUT

Dr. ROBBINS says:—"I have found them especially valuable for all kinds of headaches and neuralgic pains. They are especially useful for women, and no remedy gives greater relief than Antikamnia Tablets in all conditions known as 'Women's Aches and Ills.'"

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe; they will not upset the system, and have no unpleasant after-effects, so don't forget to send for your free supply to-day and cut short your unpleasant symptoms.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send your name and address (a postcard will do) asking for samples and further particulars to Antikamnia Dept. (A. 28), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet and further particulars absolutely free of charge.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send 4d. (postage) for **SAMPLE BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

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Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns and Prices.

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Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

UNREPORTED SPEECHES.

MR. McKENNA AT PONTYPOOL.

On Thursday, October 4th, the annual meeting of the North Monmouthshire Liberal Association was held in camera *at the Waverley Hotel, Pontypool, Mr. Badman in the chair. An address was delivered by Mr. McKenna, but no official report of it was supplied. That is where we come in! Giving our imagination full play, we presume. McKenna spoke in terms not unlike the following:—*

Mr. Chairman, before I begin my address I must receive your solemn assurance that we are, absolutely, *in camera.*

THE CHAIRMAN: We are, sir, we are.

MR. MCKENNA: Then close the shutter, my good man, close the shutter.

A VOICE: W'y, Willie ain't dead yet!

MR. MCKENNA: Well, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, nothing has brought home to me the horrors of this war more clearly than the fact that on this occasion we deem it expedient, not to say discreet, to hold our meeting *in camera.* I freely confess that I am *not* one of those facile politicians who can sink their Party principles to order, and think only of winning the war during this crisis. I leave that to the soldiers and sailors. I am neither of those. I am a politician. (Cheers.) I am a *Party* politician. (Loud cheers.) I am a *Liberal* Party politician. (Deafening cheers.) And proud of it! President Wilson has declared it his purpose to make the world safe for democracy. *My* purpose is to make England safe for the Liberal Party. (Terrific cheering.) The task will prove by no means easy. I admit that a few months before the outbreak of war I poohpoohed warnings of Germany's enmity to this country as "A Tory design to make your blood creep with horrible imaginings as to the designs of a great friendly foreign Power." I don't deny it. After all, I had to say *something* to ridicule the other Party. It is true our political principles have given advantages to the Germans by which they have not hesitated to profit. Take Free Trade—one of the most sublime conceptions of the mind of man. (Thunderous cheers.) We cannot deny that our present enemies have profited enormously by this in *ante bellum* times. No doubt the trade privileges it afforded them enabled them to build their fleet. I do not complain of that. We, the Liberal Party, are out for *principle;* facts we care nothing about. But this is the sort of thing our political enemies at home are preparing to profit by, to our discomfiture. The principle of Free Trade, as we Liberals understand it—that is to say, free imports into this country despite foreign taxation on our own exports—is in danger. We must organise adequate defence. I do not want to make any invidious distinctions, but there is one gentleman of the Press who has done more during the last few years to endanger the stability of the Party system than has even the war itself. I mention no names. (Cries of "Bottomley!") Believe me, it is more on his account than any other's that we are forced, from self-defence, to hold our meeting *in camera* to-night! That is the type of man we have to fight, Mr. Badman and gentlemen, if, once more—to paraphrase President Wilson's words—we are to make England safe for the Liberal Party! (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WESTERN DAILY MERCURY" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, Two Rooms, unfurnished. . . . No CHILDREN (HUSBAND AWAY)."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—

"Another Army Order provides that an officer while undergoing instruction in flying shall receive continuous flying pay at the rate of 4s. a day in addition FROM THE PUBLIC-HOUSES OF THE TOWN."

"ANDOVER ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—

"Sale of Valuable Live and Dead Farming Stock, comprising:— . . . 41 Head of SHORTHORN COLTS."

"NORTH WALES TIMES" (account of wedding of Miss M. E. J.—— to Mr. H. P——):—

"The duties of BRIDEGROOM were carried out by Mr. R. K. O——."

"CATHOLIC HERALD":—

"My informant, who had TWO ONLY SONS, one an officer who had lost an arm with the Colours . . . knew what he was talking about."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—

"Engineer and Fitter . . . wanted for 500 MILLION GAS WORKS IN WEST OF SCOTLAND."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—

"When a WIDOW dies without leaving a will and childless, one-half of her estate goes to her HUSBAND."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—

"Aviators again attacked London and the ENGLISH COASTAL TOWNS on BOTH sides of the Channel."

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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(October 20th, 1917.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

GENERAL SMUTS AND VICTORY.

The Last Half-Hour.

General Smuts says that the war situation is clearing up and that the issue is no longer in doubt. The General is a man who ought to know. In fact he does know. No one better. But, says he, "this lays upon us the clear duty of relaxing and sparing no effort to continue to make good and reach our goal." "Many a battle has gone wrong in the last half-hour," so runs the General's warning. "Many a victory has been lost through indecision, through wavering and through loss of nerve at the end." But *we* must not make that mistake. We must hold on to the finish like grim death "and see the struggle through."

The Time for Our Best.

No meaningless phrases these, but words winged with truth. They must appeal to us all. No thought of relaxing our efforts must settle in our minds. Now is the critical moment. Now is the time for more energy, for more effort, for more efficiency. Now is the time for our Best, not our Second Best. We must get to the very top of our form and put forth the finest that is in us. The cause demands it, and every British man or woman will respond.

Double Our Results.

Everybody's business is nobody's business. But this is a personal matter. Each one of us must strive to be more efficient in our own business, our own profession. We must *train out* of our minds all such faults as Indecision, Forgetfulness, Weakness of Will, Tactlessness, Hesitation, Lack of Initiative, Faulty Judgment, and we must *train into* our minds all those strong positive qualities—qualities of Concentration, Initiative, Leadership, Perception, Energy, Decision, Foresight, Judgment, Originality, Resource, Self-Confidence, Personal Magnetism, Tact, Organisation and a never-forgetting Memory — which enable their possessors to double work and to get double results with half the usual expenditure of time and effort, qualities that is to say which "get you on" in any walk of life.

Training Your Mind.

And every reader can do this and do it with ease. The mind can be trained just as the muscles can be trained. Only the training must be scientific. The right scientific, mental training develops and strengthens the mind just as scientific physical training develops and strengthens the physique. And indeed the mind, being a highly sensitive organ, responds more rapidly and readily to scientific training than any other part of the bodily organisation. This means that you can double your efficiency (if you take the right steps) in a few weeks.

The Army and Navy Lead the Way.

This is not a theory, but a thoroughly attested fact. It has been proved in the last year or so by many thousands of men and women belonging to every known profession, business and occupation. It is now being proved by thousands of soldiers and sailors of all ranks and ratings, from Admirals and Generals downwards, who are training their minds on the well-known Pelman system and reporting remarkable results therefrom.

Promotion!

"As a direct consequence of taking the course," writes a Colonel, "I have got a step in rank." A Captain states that he has just accepted a Staff appointment which he could not have done before taking the Pelman Course. A Naval Commander writes that the proof of the good the Course has done him is that he has been promoted. A Paymaster states that as a result of the improvement brought about by taking the Course he can now make up the ship's books in half the time they formerly took him. And similar examples could be quoted by the hundred. In Mesopotamia, in Syria, in Salonika and in France, and on the great grey ships in the North Sea, thousands of soldiers and sailors are taking the Pelman Course and training their minds to greater efficiency.

Building Big Business.

Business and Professional men and women are enthusiastically following this fine example. You should read their letters. You can read some of them if you drop a postcard to the address printed below. A book will then be sent you containing numbers of them. The instances given of increased efficiency through Pelman training are most sensational. "I have doubled my income," writes one. "I have trebled my salary," writes another. "I have doubled my business," adds a third. People of all types and positions write similar letters. Numbers report a "*doubled income.*" Here is something practical—a doubled income. Very very useful in these times and at any other. So if you want to earn more money now's your chance. Just drop a line to the address below and you will receive full particulars enabling you to do this.

Believe in Yourself.

Many other things besides "income increases" are reported in these letters. Men and women write to say that as a result of their increased mental efficiency they can work more easily and produce better results with less worry, anxiety and mental strain. Hundreds write to say that they have secured promotion to higher positions. Others speak of the great value of the Course in learning foreign languages. And others draw special attention to the increased self-confidence they feel as the result of training their minds on Pelman lines, a self-confidence which is due to an accurate knowledge of their own efficiency and powers.

A Fascinating Recreation.

Although the results of taking this Course are so remarkable, yet the Course itself is quite simple and easy to follow. There is no hard grinding study required. The system is as interesting as any novel or game of skill. It absorbs and fascinates you. And all the time it is training your brain, increasing your efficiency and making you mentally fit and alert, for the battle before you.

Free to "John Bull" Readers.

To-day the opportunity is yours to take the whole Course at greatly reduced fees. All who write for particulars to-day will have one-third of the usual fees remitted. Anyhow, write for particulars. It will cost you nothing, but it may mean to you a great deal. A book fully describing the Pelman Course, and with particulars of this reduced fee offer, will be posted to you gratis and post free on application to-day. Write now—a postcard will do—to the Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1, and all the above will be yours by return of post, gratis and post free, with full particulars showing you how to double your efficiency and income-earning power, and thus "make good" and reach your goal.

Overseas Addresses:—46, *Market Street, Melbourne*; 15, *Toronto Street, Toronto*; *and Club Arcade, Durban.* [ADVT.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 19th August, 1916.

"Iron Crosses."

At the Front, when a man does anything brilliant in the fighting line, he is usually given a note from the General, stating that he has been recommended for his conduct—and there the matter often stops. Down in the safe bases Military Medals and other gewgaws are commonly handed to persons who have never heard a gun roar, for "devotion to duty." Three cheers for the little difference!

Barbed-Wire Gloves.

Will somebody at the War Office see that the men who have to handle barbed wire at home are supplied with the proper gloves as received by the men at the Front? We hear numerous soldiers have had their hands badly lacerated, and others are suffering from blood-poisoning owing to the parsimony of our War Department.

Gentlemen—and Another.

The men of the C Battery, 33rd Division, B.E.F., say that their Officers are gentlemen; but they are kicking against a man—not commissioned—who is a bully, and a foul-mouthed brute. We want the O.C. to look into the matter.

The Squeezed Orange.

We have various complaints from camps, particularly Thetford, saying that the men have been sent back to civil life without overcoats, which are supposed to be supplied from October to March. In one camp the poor devils were sent away without caps, the remark being made that they were unobtainable, whilst at the same time they were informed that they could buy them very cheaply next door! As the head-coverings in question were apparently Government property, we want to know who is making money. We have sent the case to the higher authorities.

A Miscarriage of Justice.

We are sending another case to the War Office. We want to know why a Lance-Corporal of the 97th Y.R.B. has suffered owing to a Sergeant having a "down" upon him, and trumping up a charge. When the case was being adjudicated upon all the witnesses were against the superior N.C.O.—yet the defendant was reverted to the ranks. There is too much of this in the Army, and we are determined to put it down. While on the subject, we would suggest that the bulk of our company officers, and even some commanding officers, might with benefit study Military Law and King's Regulations.

For the Camp Commandant.

We wonder if Major Nuttall, who commands the camp in Claydon, Suffolk, has ever witnessed the free fight for rations by the M.T. A.S.C. men when the "cook-house door" bugle sounds. He would also be interested in the long queue which forms outside the dry canteen after meal-time each day, the half-fed men being eager to spend their last coppers on something to eat. A stroll around the sleeping quarters would, we are sure, give the Commandant food for thought also.

A Par. from Palestine.

Our mail from Asia has arrived, and we are sorry to say that it contains a number of complaints from men in Mesopotamia, Palestine, Salonica and elsewhere. We believe in progressive hardening, but it is not "playing the game" for one Colonel to send his battalion on a fourteen-mile march across the desert without water-bottles or the means of relieving the horrible thirst engendered by the dust and heat. When this particular battalion returned, the doctor had a busy two-and-a-half hours attending to the victims. Does the Colonel think they are camels?

Absolutely Against Regulations.

We should like to know if it is the fact that a few days ago, when the General Officer Commanding inspected a kilted battalion in Dublin, the C8 men were put behind the lines in "slacks"—which is Tommy's word for trousers—and if, when the General had disappeared, the men changed into kilts, lined up in full marching order, and were sent to do guard at Trinity College. This is a matter that we think the War Office should look into. Such treatment of unfit men appears to be quite common, and we would welcome an Army Council Instruction on the matter.

A Damnable Distinction.

In the big ships of the Fleet the bluejacket may purchase 20 cigarettes for 2½d. (duty free, of course), and matches for 5½d. a dozen boxes. His mates in the Destroyer Flotillas, who are supplied by the official Canteen Committee, pay double these prices—which is grossly unfair, creates tremendous dissatisfaction, and must be remedied without delay. Where is Sir Eric Geddes?

Treat Them the Same.

Appeals are being made to stokers and greasers of the Merchant Service to come over and help their bluejacket brothers. When they answer the call, why should differential treatment be meted out to them? If the First Lord of the Admiralty wants to know how he can better the position of men of the lower deck, he should look into this question.

Daylight Robbery.

Some bluejackets send us the old complaint—which we have so often received from soldiers—that when they were going by train they are approached by men, frequently railway servants, who offer to send telegrams for them to their friends. The forms are filled in and fees paid—together with a tip—but the wires are never forwarded. Surely, it should not be hard for our Provost-Marshals to lay traps for these thieves. Correspondence sent to us indicates that even the saintly red-cap is not above "making a bit" in this mean way.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Sickness and Distress.

Sickness is a great burden to the soldier's wife. One sufferer with five children to look after is laid up with illness, with the result that the money which should have silenced the worrying landlord has to go in extra nourishment. We helped her pay the rent, thus assisting her to recover her health.

Accidents will Happen.

A discharged soldier, while at work, had the misfortune to have a beam drop on his shoulder, but he pluckily managed to "carry on." However, shortly afterwards he suffered further injury to the same part and has now to rest for a fortnight. Pending the receipt of the allowance which will be made by his employers at the end of that time, he could not find the means to provide for his wife and family. We helped him solve the problem.

The Last Rites.

The wife of a soldier lost her little girl. The father is away in Egypt, and the poor woman had no means of burying the child. When she thought she had nowhere to look for help, she was advised to apply to us, and found "a friend in need."

The Woman Pays!

A widowed mother appealed to us to help her over a financial difficulty. Her son, who supported her until the outbreak of war, happened then to be working in Austria, and was, in consequence, interned. A small allowance which she has been receiving from another source has been stopped. As the poor woman is above working age, we cheered her with a little help.

The Fear of Debt.

Another mother is incapacitated by septic poisoning, and has had to leave her little girl to the care of a neighbour. Naturally, she has to pay for this attention to the youngster. Her anxiety was lessened after she stated the facts of the case to us.

Their Home in Ruins.

The ravages of the Hun have rendered homeless a family of five, the father of whom appealed to our Fund in the hope of finding sympathy and help. We gave him liberally of both, as we are sure he has a claim on the goodwill offerings of our subscribers. The little ones, together with their parents, have lost everything except what they stood upright in, as the house was reduced to a heap of ruins. We congratulate them, however, on their personal safety. The man, by the way, is a bluejacket.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Kamo Maru," 10s.; H. C. (York), 5s.; "Kit o' Hereford," 5s.; E. W., 2s. 6d., M. S. A., 2s., B McH., 10s.; W. A. J. (Aldershot), 1s.; "Mother of a Large Family," 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "114611's Dove," 2s.; D. M., 2s.; "A Grateful Tommy," 2s.; C. B. (King's Lynn), 2s. 6d.; L. (Leytonstone), 10s.; A. S. (Manchester), 1s.; "Admirer," 1s.; B. W. (Cranbrook), 5s.; "A Regular Reader" (Farnborough), 1s.; "Croydonian," 2s. 6d.; M. A. J., 1s.; "Minesweeper 2881," 2s.; E. M. (Ilford), 1s.; "In Memory of Mary Haslewood," 10s.; "Traveller," 5s.; S. K. H. (Dulwich), 1s.; "Collected in D. M.'s Yard, Slade Green, from a Few Old Cranks" (per H. P.), 7s. 9d.; M. D. (Kelso), 2s. 6d.; C. B. (Manchester), 4s.; A. C. H., 4s.; P. H., 1s.; "Gally Rats, M.F.A. *Albatross*" (per T. U.), 13s.; "Rae," 10s.; A.S.C. Depot (Sydenham), 1s.; "Sympathiser" (Exeter), 5s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Shefford), 5s.; A. H. (Salisbury), 2s. 6d.; "Discharged" (Liverpool), £5; Part Proceeds of Bazaar (per B. A.), 11s.; N. M. (Greenock), 1s.; "12174's Girl," 2s.; W. N. B., 5s.; L. H., 5s.; Anon., 2s.; L. E. (Nottingham), 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "A Fortunate One," 5s.; H. W. (R.G.A.), 10s.; Crew of H.M.T. *Nellie Bruddock*, 12s.; "Won a Double" (Alloa), 10s.; M.T.S. (Acton), 1s.; F. H., 2s.; H. G., 2s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Mrs. V., 2s. 6d.; S. H., 2s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Wife" (Wimbledon), 1s. 1d.; "Inasmuch," 3s.; S. Ealing Reader, 6d.; "A Widow's Mite," 1s.; "A Grateful Reader" (Luton), 10s.; J. J., 3s., "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; "Sailor Tom's Sweetheart," 9d.; "Gunner" (R.G.A.), 1s.; R.S.H. (Glasgow), £2 15s.; T. K. F., £2 15s.

Collecting Boxes.

IPSWICH.—Mr. E. C. Cooper, 43, Handford Road £1 15s.

LONDON.—Mr. C. Steel, "Queen and Prince Albert," 125, Titchfield Street, W., £1.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

J. D. (Ayrshire), 1s.; H. G. (Weymouth), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Clapham), 2s.; E. J. P., 1s.; S. E., £1 1s.; Mrs. A. B. (Brighton), £5.

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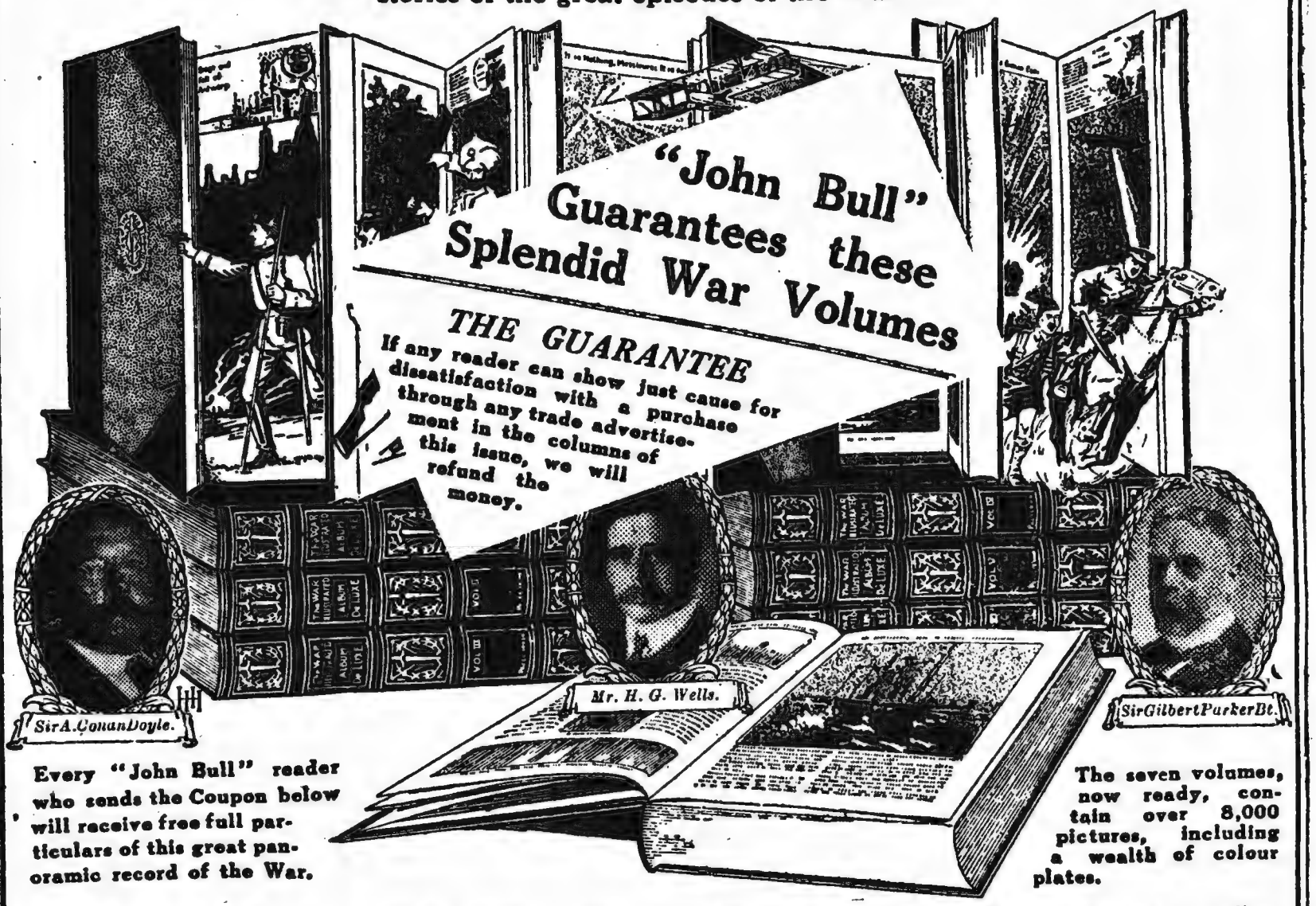
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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

L. H. d'E. (Sedbergh).—We can hardly agree that "anti-sports, sickly sentimentalists, rabid and ruinous teetotalers, conscientious objectors, vindictive sabbatarians, and persons who object to reprisals and 'pray for our enemies'" form a class to themselves, for in our opinion they are simply "no class."

"A WORTHING INHABITANT."—For our part, we consider Lord Kitchener was great enough to dispense with a memorial monument in St. Paul's, or elsewhere. But if money was collected for that purpose, no doubt it will be carried out in due course.

COL. G. W. D. (Kensington, W.).—The restoration to Great Britain of Heligoland should certainly be one of the conditions of the peace we impose upon Germany.

MRS. E. B.—"I'm a true British woman, over 80 years of age. The enemy thinks he can make our women howl for peace, but they would not even run for cover if they could get hold of the enemy." You are a grand old lady, a credit to your race.

"MOUNT VERNON SANATORIUM."—Sorry sick soldiers should be worried by the presence of an Object who flaunts his opinions and his "German Grammar." Can't you burn the latter? Wear your gas helmet while so doing, because of the noxious fumes.

"AN R.E." (Chatham).—"Our shelter on raid nights is the Baptist Chapel. The women and men sing and play, and are a godsend. Let them know how we appreciate it." Wish we could hear the same story everywhere in London.

"GUNNER" (B.E.F.)—"To settle a debate amongst us gunners, how many times is Germany larger than Great Britain?" Great Britain is ten million times bigger than Germany ever will be.

H. B. H. (Calcutta).—"Why should not a selected number of Germany's most famous cathedrals, churches and universities be carefully taken down . . . and the material thus obtained removed at Germany's expense to France, Belgium, etc. . . . for the re-erection or repair of the priceless treasures destroyed by the fury of the Hun?" That's what we call a constructive proposal.

"HOPE" (Huddersfield).—Yes, Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., did express the opinion at Derby that "we are much nearer peace than some people imagine." But what *do* some people imagine?

PVTE. E. G. (Buffs.) objects to the Rev. F. D. Robinson, Vicar of Egerton, diverting funds from war work by holding a "rummage sale" on behalf of foreign missions. Ditto us.

"CONSTANT" (Belfast).—"Bring 1,000,000 Japanese soldiers across Russia to the Germhun frontier." We would if we could.

A. J. S. (Exeter) says that "we shall want plenty of little John Bulls running about in all parts of the British Empire after the war." Happy is the Empire that hath its quiver full of them.

MISS H. B. (Chesham).—"There are women who would prove quite as good sailors as some of the men." Want any help, Jack?

"SOLDIER" (Mesopotamia).—"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

E. S. N. (Crawley).—"Does it take a chap of military age to sell tobacco over the counter?" Indeed no; far better a sweet damsel with eyes that are glad.

MRS. D. W. (Gray's Inn Road) and OTHERS complain of treatment received when seeking shelter in public buildings. The authorities are now more awake, and we hope for better results—if necessary!

J. J. (Galley Common).—"The correct height of our present King George?" We have taken his Majesty's measure since the war, and can only tell you that he is a bigger man than his inches.

"AN OLD SOLDIER" (India).—So many people exclaim that it is a pity there are not more papers like ours in circulation. But we think it hardly matters, for everybody who is anybody reads JOHN BULL.

"COLONIAL," who addresses us as "Horace," says "the demand for reprisals is the hysterical shriek of a Godless coward," which remark, in our opinion, is the flatulent folly of a fatuous fathead.

M.C. (Westcliff).—"A certain way to kill vermin. Rub on the skin, and in seams of clothes, some oil of sassefras." An alternative way is to catch him, place him on a flat stone, and hit him hard with another.

W. P. (Coventry).—Not for the first time do we hear of the young slackers in Coventry, whose "girls" seem to need them more than their country.

"AN ULSTER VOLUNTEER."—We cannot undertake to convey personal messages to Members of Parliament. Under the existing postal regulations, you can be as rude as you like for a halfpenny.

J. W. (Glasgow).—The Sinn Fein R.C. priest who uttered in your ears at Lisdoonvarna his filthy, foul and unutterably abominable slander against the British troops in France deserves that his salacious soul should rot in the reek of its own putrid imaginings.

"BARNEY" (Staffs.).—So you have named your boy Horatio Douglas, after ourselves and the gallant Commander-in-Chief under whom you have served with such distinction for 2½ years. Tell him to come along and see us—when the war is over.

"FAIRPLAY" (Connah's Quay).—You must not ask us to express sympathy for munitioners found taking matches into a danger building.

M. R. (Scarboro').—So you saw the egregious Dr. Saleeby doing himself well in white flannels on Scarboro' Spa. This is indeed a terrible war, since it cannot find him something better to do.

"A SATISFIED READER" (Port Glasgow).—"Our faith at times has many a test Because of some Peace-mania fool. We lose those feelings of unrest When we peruse dear old JOHN BULL." Excuse our blushes.

D. B. (Dalston).—"He calls himself a man, but I have another name for him." If you are bigger than he is, you may christen him to his face.

"ABSTINENCE" (S.W.).—Some of those who declaim so piously against the soldier's rum ration wouldn't like to go over the top without it, especially in winter. They would get the shivers.

"SCEPTIC" (Penzance).—You are the sort of man who would speak disrespectfully of the equator.

W. E. C. (Leeds).—"On 3rd Sept. the Food Controller was supposed to have reduced the price of meat." That's the queer part of it. The Food Controller's always supposed to be doing something.

S. T. G. (Thornton Heath).—Look up—and turn your face always to the sun.

"ONE OF THE R. D. C."—Thanks for sending us order form, illustrated, for boots to be bought from the Huns at Knockaloe Camp. But we are not taking any.

F. J. B. (Exeter) and OTHERS.—So the duty of unfrocking the Rev. (!!) Henry Hugh Ensor, Vicar of Stoke Gabriel, S. Devon, who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for indecent conduct, rests not with the Bishop of Bath and Wells, but with the Bishop of Exeter, in whose diocese Stoke Gabriel is. Then we hope his Grace has got on with the job.

"A READER."—The story of the wounded soldier who asked the nurse to send for the Q.M. and the Sergeant Cook, so that he might die "between two thieves," is already growing luxuriant whiskers.

H. S. (Stoke Newington).—Certain Labour Battalions may sometimes find themselves in danger when working immediately behind the lines, but so do civilians when similarly placed. Nevertheless, the L.B.s are generally considered "safe," and no quibbling about rare exceptions can alter the fact.

"CYMRO" (Machynlith).—If, as you suggest, we decided to devote a corner every week to a topic in Welsh, we should run the risk of being torn to pieces by wild compositors.

W. T. S. (London, W.C.).—Don't worry about Lord Halifax's vapourings. Divorce Law reforms are so insistently urgent that all the "Church Unions" in the world cannot prevent, though they may retard, their coming.

T. P. (Yarmouth).—You're trying to blow and swallow at the same time, and it's not easy.

T. G. (Sheffield).—I was a soldier during the Haldane reign. What you have said against him has never been strong enough. We will take a dietary course of ginger and try again.

PTE. A. W. (B.E.F.)—"Is it possible to travel from Paddington to Birkenhead (by G.W.R.) *exclusive?*" Take two first-class tickets and tip the guard to lock the door.

C. C. (London, E.C.).—Your grammar must have had a knock if you object to our use of the word "Peoples." For goodness sake run round to the free library and bury your nose in a decent dictionary.

"WRITER" (Newbury).—Your tale about a "swank-pot" who uses Red Cross cars and petrol and bluffs everybody is interesting, but unprintable without proof.

"BULL DOG" (France).—War between Great Britain and Germany was declared at 11 p.m. on August 4th, 1914. Sorry your other question has taken our middle stump.

"CONTROL" (London).—It does not necessarily follow that because you have a sugar card you will get much sugar, but you will get your fair share of what there is.

R. M. (Chesterfield).—"Temperate statement" fiddlesticks! Don't you know the difference between scratching your arm and rubbing the skin off?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

COMPANY MEETINGS.

UNITED DAIRIES.

Interesting Speech by Mr. Reginald Butler.

An extraordinary general meeting of United Dairies, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, the 9th inst., at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, for the purpose of considering, and, if thought fit, passing resolutions sanctioning the increase of the capital of the company to £4,000,000 by the creation of 3,000,000 shares of £1 each.

Mr. Reginald Butler, the chairman of the company, presided, and in moving the resolution, said that what they had in view was the amalgamation of the interests of the London retail dairy trade. The scheme owed its inception to retail firms. Many of those firms had met to discuss the difficulties connected with carrying on their business under present war conditions, and had come to the conclusion that the United Dairies was an organised concern ready to hand to deal with the problem. Accordingly they had been approached to formulate some workable scheme. They had done so to the best of their ability, and having laid it before a number of London retail milk traders, it had been accepted both by directors of limited companies and by private concerns as being likely to prove of national value.

Everyone connected with the trade knew of the wastage of material, of energy, and of money under the present system of the retail milk trade. As a fact, the system was neither necessary nor desirable, and they proposed to obviate it by a scheme of amalgamation for London, where the evil was aggravated by reason of senseless and unremunerative competition. Owing to the number of interests concerned, it was not a simple task, but they had become convinced that with the co-operation of all concerned, including the public, their scheme could be carried out successfully. Moreover, they claimed that it would be beneficial to the country as a whole. The consumer would not suffer, but must ultimately benefit by any saving in cost of either producing or handling the article he consumed, and by reason of the organisation, and the scientific handling of milk upon hygienic principles, the consumer would have an improved article and better service at the lowest possible cost. With regard to wage-earners, it was their earnest desire to carry out a scheme which would better their conditions.

ASSISTING DISTRIBUTION.

Each business would be purchased on principles carefully formulated, and fairly applied, and in no case would anything approaching a fancy price be paid. The purchase price, save in a few cases, would be discharged by the payment of United Dairies, Ltd., scrip, and except the auditors and the solicitors no one would receive, directly or indirectly, any personal consideration in connection with the amalgamation. As to retail businesses whose proprietors were either serving their country or preparing to do so, they were willing for the period of the war to do their best to assist the distribution without profit to themselves, and would undertake on retiring from such assistance not to interfere with that particular trade for at least a year after the declaration of peace. They would also be willing, where they conveniently could, to purchase at full price any businesses the owners of which had been either killed or disabled while serving the country.

Sir Edward Fithian seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS COMPANY, LTD.

Rifles and Lewis-Guns in Undreamed-of Numbers.

The annual ordinary meeting of the Company was held at Birmingham on Friday, the 12th inst., Sir Hallewell Rogers (chairman) presiding. At the outset Sir Hallewell moved the adoption of the 1916 balance sheet, which was presented as a supplementary report. He pointed out that the balance to the credit of profit and loss account was less in 1916 than in 1915 by some £27,000. This was due to the fact that the Excess Profits Duty in respect of 1915 was charged against the profits for 1916, as well as the Munitions Levy payable for the year.

The Chairman also moved the adoption of the report for 1917. The record of the company during the year had been one of steady increase in the supply of several important munitions of war. The deliveries of service rifles had been in excess of the company's promises to the Government, and had now reached a steady output which before the war was hardly dreamt of. A still more important development had been in the manufacture of the Lewis automatic machine-gun, which was being turned out in numbers greater even than the Ministry of Munitions at one time thought possible.

The country was indebted to this weapon first to the ingenuity and patient work of the inventor, Colonel I. N. Lewis; secondly to a group of Belgian gentlemen headed by Mr. Joseph Waterkeyn, who a year or more before the war saw the possibilities of the gun, and formed a company to purchase the European patent rights; and lastly to the Birmingham Small Arms Co., which in 1913 entered into an agreement with the Belgian company, and at once commenced on the manufacture of models.

The cycle departments, although occupied to some extent in the supply of military bicycles and motor-bicycles to the English and Allied Governments, which had been required on all fronts, had been largely devoted to the manufacture of parts of aeroplane engines and aeroplanes. At Coventry the Daimler Company's works also had been given over entirely to the supply of Government requirements; in the early stages of the war the manufacture of vehicles for the mechanical transport for a time took the whole output. Heavy projectiles had been delivered in large quantities.

The report was adopted.

The Chairman intimated that Mr. Neville Chamberlain would shortly rejoin the board of Directors.

Fellows Magneto Co., Ltd.

Payment of first Half-yearly Dividend at the rate of 8 per Cent. per Annum.

Extracts from Secretary's Letter to Shareholders.

My Directors have instructed me to give you the following information regarding the present position of the Company:

Since the Company started trading, the additional Capital Expenditure has amounted to the sum of **£27,059 19s 7d.**, the original size of the Factory has been nearly trebled, and the premises now cover a total area of 23,980 sq. ft., and are thoroughly equipped with machinery of the latest type for the standardisation of the Fellows Magneto.

The following figures show the value of the output:

May	£4,484 9s. 1d.
June	£5,349 16s. 7d.
July	£7,263 2s. 6d.

It is hoped that by the end of December the monthly output will exceed £14,000 in value.

Innumerable difficulties and delays have had to be faced in erecting and equipping the Factory, but these have been successfully surmounted. Negotiations are pending with the Ministry of Munitions regarding an increased contract allowance to cover the rise in the cost of Materials and Wages.

The financial position is very satisfactory. Over £4,500 has been repaid to the Treasury, and on the 31st August liquid funds at the disposal of the Company amounted to £18,369 9s. 11d.

Treasury consent has been granted for a further issue of £40,000 in Preferred Shares, but a decision has not yet been come to by the Directors as to when this issue will be made.

The Directors take this opportunity of congratulating the Shareholders on the position of the business, and on the declaration of a dividend at this early stage of the Company's existence. Such a result is almost unprecedented in any large industrial undertaking, more especially in view of the fact that the entire organisation had to be carried through during the period in question under the greatest difficulties.

The Directors hope that on the declaration of the final Dividend for the current year on the Preferred Shares they will be able to recommend also a distribution of profits on the Ordinary Shares.

Fellows Magneto Co., Ltd.

DISCOURAGED WRITERS

Send short specimen MS. with stamps for return to Advisory Bureau. Practical Correspondence College, 12, Thanet House, Strand, W.C. 2. You will receive constructive criticism, advice *gratis*, and particulars of writers' opportunities to-day, and the work that's wanted.

FIRST PRIZE £500 'Bullets' Trafalgar Prize!

2nd PRIZE £50	10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	3rd PRIZE £10

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

First Prize—For this week only

Closing Date, Thursday, October 25th.

No._____

Example.....

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(258) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 258 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, October 25th

No._____

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Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(258) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

Closing Date, Thursday, October 25th.

No._____

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(258) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullet" Competition **No. 259. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **259** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 259,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 259.

DRESSING THE MISSUS	LAME EXCUSE	MATCHLESS	FINISHING SCHOOL
MUG'S GAME	BOMBING THE GERMANS	A POSITIVE NUISANCE	GETTING IRON CROSS
CAN'T BE BOUGHT	MAKES HUNS WHINE	POOR COLLECTION	TICKLES FATHER
BETWEEN OURSELVES	EVERYBODY KNOWS	TAKES SOME DOING	FEW LIKE IT
INCREASING TOMMY'S PAY	SHOWING HER TEETH	CLEARING OUT	PUNISHING THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 258.

SMASHING VICTORY
WHAT HAIG KNOWS
FIGHT TO FINISH
THE GERMAN NAVY
REVOLTING SUBJECT
PIPE OF PEACE
A FOOL'S PARADISE
CAN'T STAND
SILENCING THE PACIFISTS
ALWAYS IN TROUBLE
FIXING PRICES
GOOD TIME COMING
OUR GRAND FLEET
THE CROWN PRINCE
WONDERFUL WOMAN
FORTUNES OF WAR
FALLING IN LOVE
BUTCHER'S BOY
THE LAST DRINK
HER FIRST KISS
UPSETTING FATHER
ENGAGING NEW COOK
WAR LOAF
HUNGERING FOR PEACE
A BITTER PILL
PROVING TOO MUCH
THE WINNING LINE
CATCHING IT HOT
TAKING HUSBAND
HAVING A FEW
THERE'S NO TELLING
CONFOUNDING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 32 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—

Example:—
HAVING A FEW.
Bullet:—
WELSHER AT THE RACES.

Example:—
CATCHING IT HOT.
Bullet:—
FRITS IN FLANDERS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated Nov. 10th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated Oct. 20th.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

A Further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

For this week only

FIRST PRIZE £500

Result of "Bullets" £1,000 Birthday Offer (Competition No. 256) will appear in next week's issue.

Closing Date, Thursday, October 25th.

No.—
Example.....
Bullet
Example.....
Bullet

(258) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Signed
Address

FURS

AT
WHOLESALE PRICES

The largest Stock of Fashionable **FUR SETS & FUR COATS** in London to choose from. Inspection cordially invited, or post a card for illustrated Catalogue.

WHOLESALE FUR CO.
145, Cheapside, London, E.C

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Estab. 28 years.
CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR st., BIRMINGHAM.
Mention "John Bull" when writing.

The Name **PHILLIPS**

on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of **QUALITY**

PHILLIPS' PATENTS LTD., 142 OLD ST. LONDON E.C.

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OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Lino, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

EASY TERMS

Chapped Hands, and Tender Chins from Shaving
absolutely **avoided** by early and regular use of
"LATHA-OIL"
1/- per bottle anywhere, or by post extra 3d. (U.K.), 6d. Front, from
THIRD HAND PATENTS, LIMITED,
45, Maddox Street, London, W. 1.

For Headaches take ZOX
—a tiny powder—the proved remedy for Neuralgia too. A Safe quick and simple cure.
Of Chemists, Stores in 1/- & 2/6 boxes, or from ZOX Co. 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within **seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Miss DOROTHY DARTNELL, "Glenthorn," 105, Fulwich Road, Dartford. Sept. 22nd, 1917. A 298,163.

Mrs. G. RAMAGE, 10, Southview, Dalmuir, near Glasgow. Sept. 22nd, 1917. 281,347.

WILLIAM JONES, S.U.C. House, Trench Lock, near Wellington, Salop. Sept. 29th, 1917. 780,254.

WILLIAM POTTS, 103, Liverpool Road, Cadishead, Manchester. Sept. 29th, 1917. 397,750.

C. SMITH, 4, Mountrath Street, Dublin. Sept. 15th, 1917. 593,695.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 13th:—

037,606	352,650	693,784	1,017,759	1,355,347
045,126	395,276	715,622	1,045,631	1,428,293
062,761	448,949	749,523	1,098,300	1,479,975
103,134	462,278	782,962	1,114,005	1,490,898
159,146	483,474	803,871	1,136,863	1,523,699
210,590	499,093	855,502	1,191,929	1,556,437
234,204	544,308	861,031	1,257,187	1,631,022
251,752	573,700	930,600	1,292,322	1,682,743
278,807	625,178	998,333	1,299,556	1,695,976
326,318	658,711	999,205	1,324,354	1,710,142

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published October 24th)

£10 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Oct. 13, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 076,482 and 1,658,446. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

October 20, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

October 20, 1917.

A Man's Drink.

THE ingredients in Fry's Cocoa make it of supreme value these days to men working hard—it is a natural stimulant of proved efficacy and in addition adds materially to stamina and endurance. These are the reasons why Explorers like the late Capt. Scott and other high authorities make daily use of it. The "Fry Habit" should be cultivated by all who have to work harder than ever before.

"There Is No Better Food."—
Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc.

Fry's
Breakfast Cocoa

PLAYER'S
"Country Life" Cigarettes
(MEDIUM STRENGTH)
Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 for 4d. 50 for 1/7½d.

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to:
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham. P700
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

The Remedy That Children Like—For Whooping Cough And All Coughs

All children like Veno's Lightning Cough Cure—are eager for "Veno time" to come round. And it cures—really cures—whooping cough and all the coughs and colds to which they are liable. Mothers should trust always to Veno's because it is free from opium and everything harmful to children. There is nothing in it that a doctor would not approve.

Prices 11½d., 1/3, and 3/- per Bottle.

Never Forget This.—A remedy that children like must ever be more beneficial to little sufferers than one against which the child nature revolts. That is self-evident. Veno's is cheapest and best.

The VENO DRUG Co., Ltd., Veno Bdgs., Manchester.

Paton's Boot & Shoe Laces

Other laces may *look* like Paton's but none have the same wearing qualities or smart appearance.
Paton's will give you lasting satisfaction because of their long wear. One of their strong features is the fast tab and the colours being constant Paton's Laces never look shabby. See that the next laces you buy are banded with the name "PATON'S"—they are so much better than any other, it is worth your while.

	(Per Pair)
Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' Wear	2d. and 3d.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) for Ladies' and Gents' Wear	3d.
Leather Laces for Ladies' and Gents' Wear	6d. and 9d.

British made throughout.

Your own boot-dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

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